The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXVI. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893. NO. 46

NEW TARIFF BILL

VARIOUS SCHEDULES BEING CONSIDERED BY COMMITTEES.

The Administration's Policy In The Hawaiian affair.—The Tariff Bill a Thoroughly Democratic Measure.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The complacent smiles of President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham since the last news from Hawaii was received indicates that it contained nothing displeasing or disappointing to them. But no smiles are seen on the faces of those who had previously worked themselves into a frenzy over the policy of the administration in dealing with Hawaii, without knowing what that policy was. They expected to hear a sensational story of the driving of the Provisional government of Hawaii from power and the restoration of the Queen, by U. S. marines and sailors under command of Minister Willis, and hoped that it would have been accompanied by bloodshed. Therefore when the dispatches which reached Washington Saturday afternoon contained nothing more sensational than the formal speeches of Minister Willis and President Dole, delivered when the former presented his credentials as minister to the Provisional government, the sensation mongers found themselves without a leg to stand on.

The administration has never been more dignified than during all of the senseless excitement and criticism which followed the publication of Secretary Gresham's recommendation concerning Hawaii. It had mapped out its programme before Minister Willis left Washington and notwithstanding numerous contrary statements it has not made the slightest change in that programme or in its instructions to Minister Willis. It has from the first been convinced that its course would be fully endorsed by the unprejudiced public when the facts upon which action was taken became known and it has declined to allow public clamor to cause it to change its plans as to when these facts should be made public. That feeling is as strong today as it ever was, and when the proper time comes the people will be taken into the confidence of Mr. Cleveland and they will endorse what he has done, as they have so often done before, and then, his would-be critics will be sorry they did not wait awhile.

The sub-committees which have been preparing the various schedules of the new tariff bill have finished their work and the completed bill is now being considered by the full Democratic membership of the committee on Ways and Means. While some minor changes may be made in the bill before it is made public it is practically finished and the Republican members of the committee will probably be furnished with printed copies of it within ten days, so that it will be ready to report to the House during the first week of the session. The bill has been approved by the President and his cabinet and by the executive committee of the National Democratic committee, and will not be submitted to a caucus before being reported to the House. I am not at liberty to give any details of the bill at this time but can say without violating confidence that it is from beginning to end a thoroughly Democratic measure. It is the present intention of the party leaders to push the bill through the House before the Christmas recess.

It is probable that the National Democratic committee will open headquarters in Washington in time to take a more active part in the preliminary work of the Congressional campaign of next year than it has been customary for the National committee to take. It is not intended that it shall in any sense supercede the Congressional campaign committee, but that it shall act in conjunction therewith.

In all of the departmental annual reports which have been completed there is one noticeable feature that is essentially Democratic—recommendations looking towards economy in public expenditures. Wherever reductions are possible under existing laws they will be made, but it will take time to undo the results of a long series of extravagant Republican legislation, but it will be done, and at the earliest possible moment.

President Cleveland was never apparently in better health than at this time. Since he moved his family from his country residence to the White House he spends about an hour every day in walking around the extensive grounds in the rear of the White House and he is almost invariably accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, who is again the very picture of health, while the nurse and the two babies are usually not far off. Owing to the presence of an unusual number of cranks and tramps in Washington these grounds are closed to the public most of the time, but there is no truth in the stories printed of Mr. Cleveland's being followed around by a lot of private detectives.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Convention In Session At Syracuse.

The twenty-seventh annual session of the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry opened at Syracuse on last Wednesday morning with Grand Master Bringham, of Ohio, in the chair. Delegates from over thirty states are present.

At the morning sesssion the fifth and sixth degrees were conferred upon two candidates. In the afternoon Master Bringham delivered his annual address. He said that the year 1893 has not been one in which the order has added largely to its numerical strength, although there have been in some states large additions to the membership while in other states no increase is reported.

Mr. Brigham expressed his indignation at the attack upon the Grange made by Secretary of Agriculture Morton at the recent Agricultural Congress in Chicago and said: "The fact is made public that there is not a single farmer or organization of farmers that indorses his expressed views, or regards him as a true friend of agriculture, it may have a salutary influence in the selection of future Secretaries of Agriculture."

The Grange will be in session ten days and an interesting programme has been arranged for each day.

SMALL POX IN THE STATE.

The Dreaded Disease Appearing In Several Towns.

That much dreaded contagious disease has made its appearance in several towns and cities in the state and is spreading with alarming rapidity. Much apprehension and fear is felt, and all measures possible are exercised to put it down. In Reading a large number of cases have appeared, and deaths have occurred. The disease has been prevalent for several months in this city. Several cases have appeared in Mechanicsburg, which were carried by Reading people visiting in Mechanicsburg. In Altoona a physician was called upon to visit a colored family almost in the heart of the city, among whom sickness existed. Upon going there he found a family of eight, all but one of whom was down with small pox, which had not been known before to be present in the city. The youngest child, a babe of six months, is one of the victims.

State News Items.

The horrible discovery has been made that Mrs. Slentz, who lived near Hanover, Pa., and who died several months ago, was buried alive. Some days ago it was decided to have the grave cemented, and the workmen opened the coffin. The glass of the casket had been smashed, the body turned and there were other, even stronger, evidences that she had been put in her tomb alive.

The rolling mills at Tyrone Forges have resumed work after a long suspension.

Joseph Gallaway, a farmer of near Fayette City, Pa., was thrown from his buggy in a runaway. His feet caught in the gearing, and his body was dragged for two miles and bruised into a jelly. He was 80 years old.

A scourge of diphtheria is reported to threaten Clearfield. Not only has it broken out at the tannery, but that Montgomery school has been closed by reason of the prevalence of the disease in that district.

Teachers And Institutes.

Much attention is now being given by the department of public instruction to the county teachers' institutes in session throughout the state. The law requires the schools to be closed during institute week and the teachers who attend to be paid a small sum per day. There are 18,000 actual members of the institutes, which as a whole last about 340 days. One dollar is allowed the institute for each teacher who attends, no county, however, being allowed to receive more than $200.

353 Officials Elected.

There were elected in Pennsylvania on Tuesday one justice of the supreme court, ten common pleas judges, nine associate judges, forty-two prothonotaries, fifty registers, forty-seven recorders, forty five clerks of quarter sessions court, forty-four clerks of oyer and terminer court, forty-five clerks of orphans' court, twenty-seven sheriffs and thirty-three coroners.

Slush And Mud.

The snow which fell Tuesday afternoon rapidly melted under Wednesday's sun and the pavements were slushy while the streets were covered with a nice little layer of mud.

—All the news, the REPORTER.

DEATH AT PENN HALL.

Mrs. Jonas Condo Dies Of Hemorrhages Thursday.

Last Thursday Mrs. Condo, the estimable wife of Mrs. Jonas Condo, died at her home at Penn Hall, at the age of 65 years, 1 month and 20 days, of hemorrhages of the lungs.

About one year ago Mrs. Condo was taken ill and had repeated hemorrhages since but was able to be about until last Thursday, when she had another severe hemorrhage which resulted fatally, and she died in a short time.

Mrs. Condo was a daughter of Michael Musser, who was well-known to all in the valley, and was a kind mother and good amiable neighbor. She was the mother of nine surviving children, and they are: M. M. Condo, and Mrs. Dr. C. E. Emerick, of Centre Hall; Mrs. Mollie Sinkey, Croton, Ohio; Curtin Condo, Condit, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Montgomery, residing in Ohio; Robert Condo, in Michigan; Mrs. Carrie Musser, at Penn Hall, and Miss S. S. Condo and John Condo living with their parents.

The funeral took place on the following Sunday morning from her late residence at Penn Hall. The services were conducted by Rev. Wolf, pastor of the Lutheran church, in which faith Mrs. Condo was baptized in infancy and always remained a consistent member. The interment was made in the Heckman cemetery, and the funeral was very largely attended.

Nine children and her husband survive her, the latter being in very feeble health.

Will Of The Late Judge Orvis.

We quote from the *Centre Democrat* the will of the late John H. Orvis, which is, in our estimation a much more satisfactory document of its kind than legal lights usually make. The estate is valued at something like $100,000. Mr. Orvis carried life insurance to the amount of $110,000.

"In his will Mr. Orvis devised and bequeathed to his executors, to be held in trust and invested, the sum of $10,000, the interest of which is to be used for the support and education of his daughter, Caroline Atwood Orvis; the principal and any accrued interest to be paid her in full when she shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years. To his daughters, Mrs. Canfield and Mrs. Keller, he bequeaths outright the sum of $10,000 each. To his son, Ellis L., is bequeathed the sum of $10,000, his magnificent law library, and all his interest and uncollected book accounts in and of the law firm of Orvis, Bower & Orvis. All the rest and residue of his estate, of whatsoever kind and wheresoever situated, is bequeathed without reserve or proviso to his beloved wife, Caroline E. Orvis; and he further directs and appoints his wife, Caroline E., and his son, Ellis L., as his executrix and executor to settle and arrange his estate. The will was executed in August 1890.

Good Cause For Fainting.

The other day a very modest and absent minded young woman of Monongahala, Washington county, went to the city mill for some flour. She gave the clerk what she thought was a neatly folded and ironed pillow slip. The clerk emptied one scoop of flour and it went through to the floor. Just then a horrifying discovery was made what had been taken for a dainty little sack had two outlets, and each outlet was trimmed with embroidery. The clerk fainted, and has stayed fainted ever since.

Opening Railroad Offices.

Offices for the use of officials of the Nittany Valley railroad are being fitted up in Bush's Arcade, Bellefonte. The foundations of the new depot in Bellefonte are being laid and the depot buildings along the line are nearing completion. The officials intend to open the road for travel and freight traffic on Monday, Dec. 4, when a new passenger train will make four round trips daily. A round house and repair shops will be located in the meadow near Bellefonte.

Joel Royer Dead.

This well-known citizen of Rebersburg died at his home on Tuesday evening. He was an old resident of that place; unmarried, and over seventy years of age. He was possessed of that rare quality, strictly honest and would not willfully wrong a fellowman out of a penny. He was held in high esteem in that vicinity.

How To Draw Trade.

This age is too bustling and competition is too great for the merchant to allow himself any longer the luxury of waiting supinely behind his counter for trade. He must show in advance of purchases just what he has to sell and how he intends to sell it, and a persistent publication of his wares is the means by which showing can be made.

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A TRAIN WRECKED

PLUNGES DOWN A STEEP GRADE ON SATURDAY.

Engine And Cars Piled In a Heap Of Ruins.—The Fireman Seriously Injured And May Not Recover.

On last Saturday evening, the 11th, there was a complete wreck of a train on the narrow-guage branch road leading from Linden Hall to the Bear Meadows says the *Centre Democrat*. This road was built for the purpose of hauling sawed lumber and prop timber from an operation located in the Seven mountains, about eight miles distant. The operation and road are owned by Meck & Fagle.

Late Saturday evening a long and heavy train left the mountains for the station. The small "dinkey" engine was in the middle of the train so that it could better control the heavy load. Coming out of the mountains in the vicinity of McFarlane's there is a very heavy grade and the heavy train acquired a dangerous speed. The brakemen drew harder and harder but it could not be checked. They were going down the grade with a frightful velocity that could only result in a wreck. All the men on the train jumped to save their lives except the engineer and fireman who clung faithfully to their posts. The crash came by the train leaving the track and was piled up in one mass of ruins, consisting of broken cars, lumber, broken engine, etc. The engineer escaped without any injury. The fireman, Sidney Poorman, was not so fortunate. When the train left the track the sudden jolt threw a large stick of prop timber foreward into the engine the end of which struck Mr. Poorman on the hip with sufficient force to throw him a distance of about twenty feet. When picked up he was in an unconscious condition and was bleeding profusely from a deep gash in the hip. He was taken at once to Boalsburg and Dr. Woods was summoned. The wound was carefully dressed, requiring over fifty stitches.

The young man has been in a very critical condition ever since the accident. He is unable to move and appears to be suffering from internal injuries as well as having some bones of the hip fractured. He is a young, single man and lives with his parents at that place.

The damage caused by the accident will amount to considerable to Meck & Naugle, as the entire train is a complete wreck.

Wholesome Truths to Tie To.

Some persons spend their lifetime breeding schemes to injure others, they have small works to follow them in the next world.

The gossiper and tattler is the curse of the community whom all should shun; mischief is found in his trail.

The one who continually meddles with his neighbors' business, will always be found mismanaging and neglecting his own.

Don't be jealous because your neighbor prospers; the more people prosper in a community the better it is for the rest of the community.

Always remember a friend; ingratitude is a loathsome vice, and shows a want of manly principle.

He who for gaining business patronage will hesitate to disapprove wrong and outrage, shows the sordid nature and wears the mantle of cowardice.

A little gift or a meal given often blinds the eyes of the recipient against the evil doing of the giver, altho the blinded one is a loud prater against all wrong doing.

Big Strike on the Lehigh V. R. R.

In accordance with the orders given by the labor chiefs who have been endeavoring to bring about a settlement of the difficulties between the Lehigh Valley road and employees, a general tie-up went into effect at 10.45 Saturday night along the entire line.

This is the beginning of a great struggle between labor and capital which affects the entire line of the company from New York to Buffalo.

The tracks are blocked with trains deserted by the crews.

THE Cambria Iron company on January 16 will vote on a proposition to increase the capital stock from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 and an increase of bonds of $2,500,000. The object is to place the company under a new constitution.

This does not look as if the iron interest was going to the dogs under the Democratic tariff policy.

THE Centre Democrat says that the Valentine Iron company started the ore banks to work again on Monday with a large force of men, which indicates a resumption of work at their iron furnace.

This is keeping pace with the revival of business all over the country.

BIG CUT IN THE TARIFF.

Nearly All The Raw Materials Placed On The Free List.

The rough draft of the tariff bill, which will be put forward at the next session of congress, has been submitted to all the Democratic members of the committee for their revision, does not contain a feature intended for protection. The famous Morrison horizontal bill made a cut of twenty per. cent. The average cut in this bill will probably be changed a great deal from its present form before it is reported to the house, but the changes in the main will be in the nature of still further reductions.

The main features of the bill are the great enlargement of the free list and the reduction of all protective duties to a point where it is supposed there will be the greatest encouragement for importations at a rate to produce the largest revenue. The purpose has been to avoid everything except revenue duties, and in many cases the reductions are below a revenue point.

All these duties which are prohibitive or nearly so are heavily reduced so as to encourage importations, and there is hardly an item in the tariff schedules that has not been cut below water mark. Nearly everything which is known technically as raw material is placed on the free list, and to avoid protection the duty on manufactured articles made of these raw materials is made to suffer a corresponding reduction, and in few cases is the present parity between the cost of raw materials and the manufactured articles maintained. The declaration of the Chicago platform, that protection is unconstitutional, appears not to have been lost sight of for an instance by those who have been at work on the bill.

The treatment of steel rails is a fair example of the policy followed in the construction of this bill, iron ore and coal being placed on the free list; the duty on steel rails is reduced from $13.50 to twenty-five per cent., or $4.50 a ton. This is probably one of the heaviest cuts, but throughout the bill the corresponding changes in the schedules approximate it.

Among the new items on the free list not heretofore mentioned is copper. Flax, hemp and jute also get on the free list, together with a great quantity of chemicals and dye stuffs used in manufacturing.

No change will be made in the tax on beer, or manufactured tobacco, or on cigars. There has been a disposition to increase the cigar tax from $3 to $5 per thousand, but the manufacturers have resisted it strenuously, and the committee believe that it will not be necessary, with the increase on whiskey and the revenue from the income tax. There will probably be a reduction in the customs duty on Sumatra tobacco, which is now $1 on unstemmed and $2.75 on stemmed. The committee consider this rate excessive, and will probably reduce it from fifty cents to $1 per pound.

A Famous Fence.

The old gun fence around the Mexican war monument in Capitol Park, Harrisburg, has been removed to the arsenal grounds, where it will be placed around the flag staff. This fence, which was constructed of muskets, with bayonets attached, taking the place of pickets, along with the captured stand of cannon nearby, always attracted visitors attention—every one will be sorry to see the old fence, which was unique in its way, removed from the park.

Be Careful Of Whom You Buy.

The hog cholera is around through the counties and many porkers are prematurely dying. Our people who enjoy pork steaks and sausage, should be careful not to buy the latter except from persons whom they have full confidence in. Moreover our council should employ an expert who can diagnose diseased meat almost at a glance. The public health demands this of them. No more sure cause of disease than to partake of the meat of an animal that has died of that hog pest, cholera.—Ex.

The National Grange held its annual meeting in Syracuse, N. Y., last week which was largely attended and full of interest for that important element, the farmers. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, was re-elected by a very large vote as master of the grange. Grangers Whitehead and Rhone, of our state were also candidates for master, but it grieves us to learn that the National grange does not want any solid Pennsylvania brains at its head.

Cranks Still Appear.

Another crank appeared at the White House in search of President Cleveland, being moved by the spirit, he said, to obtain financial aid from the President in order that he might be enabled to pay his fare to his home in Malton, N. J., to see his sweetheart.

"HOLD YOUR WHEAT," THEY SAY.

Fears Of a Serious Shortage Cause Farmers To Look To Their Own Profits.

The farmers in the North-west realizing the shortage of wheat, have had several meetings to discuss the situation and decry the causes of the unprecedented low prices in the face of this shortage. As a result the following "hold your wheat" circular has been issued from Pierre.

"Every country in Europe except Russia has this year had a short wheat crop. Our own crop is at least 100,000,000 bushels under that of last year and 200,000,000 less than we raised in 1891. The general financial stringency of the last six months has brought out large supplies for all. The harvest this year has been a poor one.

"This has kept the market price down. The price is governed by the law of supply and demand. For over a year we have had too liberal a supply. The exports this fall have been large, amounting to about 80,000,000 since the last harvest began.

"It is doubtful if on January 1, 1894, there will be enough wheat in the United States to meet our usual requirements. As a result of the present low price, a smaller acreage of winter wheat has been sown than for several years past.

"After a thorough investigation of the conditions existing we feel certain that the year '94 will bring much higher prices for wheat and do not hesitate to urge North-western producers to hold their wheat in hand for a few months.

"We may just as well keep at least a part of this extra profit for ourselves as to give it to the elevators and millers by selling now.

"The conditions are such that every bushel of wheat now remaining in the producers' hands can be made to bring $1 before another harvest if all of it would be held for that price.

"Each day the world consumes over six million bushels of wheat, and the present large supplies at terminal points would rapidly decrease if the farmers would cease for a time to augment them."

The *Northwestern Miller* makes the following remarks on the circular:"

Since early in the summer wheat has been the one available commodity commanding cash in the Northwest. The financial stringency was so great that cash must be had at any sacrifice, and it must be had quickly. For this demand the products of our wheat fields have been cruelly slaughtered. No Russian tax-gatherer has been more ruthless and insistent than the farmers' creditors this year.

They themselves had to have money, and from the farmers wheat was the only chance for it. It came, and for a mess of pottage the farmer has sold his all, but he had to have the pottage, for he was hungry and needed it.

Misled by the tremendous receipts which would in other years argue an inexhaustible surplus the world has blindly believed that there was unlimited supplies to come, and the price has gone on downward.

Hold your wheat by all means if you have any to hold. We sadly fear that the advice to the farmer partakes of the quality of that which advises the locking of the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c and $1.00.

A GREAT storm swept over Great Britain on Saturday, which caused shipwrecks all along the coast, and the shores are strewn with wreckage.

The storm along the Normandy coast is the worst one experienced in the last 50 years. Wrecks are reported from every point along the coast. Innumerable small crafts vanished during the night from the waters along the coast. Vessels were dragged from their moorings and sunk with all on board. More than 300 persons were drowned.

THE man who stays out late in Chicago these nights must have both a certificate of character and be dressed decently, else the police will take him up, according to a late ordinance. In Centre Hall boys have more liberty than men have in Chicago; here boys can be out at night as late as they like and make as much noise as they please and neither their parents nor the council seem to care a continental.

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FOR THE FAIR SEX.

SEASONABLE HINTS AND MATTERS OF MOMENT.

A Dove-Colored Gown—An Afternoon Toilette—Double Skirt House Dress—Fashion Notes.

FASHION NOTES

Cloth jackets, have tiny Zouave jackets of velvet.

Feather boas are made of black and white coques' plumes.

Black plush capes are trimmed with jet and a feather boa.

Magenta or cream accessories are used for black wool or silk gowns.

Shaded felt hats are made of contrasting colors or two shades of a color.

Cream felt Alpine hats, are trimmed with black velvet and wings.

Double faced felt hats are trimmed with double faced satin ribbon.

Opal earrings, surrounded by small diamonds, are being more extensively worn than ever.

Silk bodices in Paisley designs are coming into favor, and are very effective with braces of lace over the shoulders.

A PLAID STREET GOWN.

This gown is made of plaid wool goods, trimmed with black velvet facing and bretelles of velvet. The vest is of plaited surah in a blending shade.

After the unsuccessful attempt to harmoniously blend all the colors of a gorgeous parrot in one gown, it is a relief to find that the stylish combinations of black and white or black and cream are popular again.

Sloped gores let into the back of a lounging gown produce a graceful bell effect.

A decided decrease in skirt widths is a noticeable characteristic of autumn fashions.

Candied chrysanthemums are the fashionable floral sweets of the moment.

New basque bodices are pointed as a rule. They have an umbrella back or are slashed in tabs each of equal length on some form, others graduated and made several inches shorter on the sides.

Beautiful costumes, following the present craze for magpie effects of black and white, are seen at Newport just now that are formed of white cloth either braided in black, machine-stitched on the edges of skirt and jacket with heavy saddlers' silk in black, or made of creamy white veiling and trimmed with straight rows of narrow jet gimp, or black velvet ribbon. A white felt sailor hat trimmed with velvet and black-bird's wings is the invariable addition.

DOUBLE SKIRT HOUSE DRESS.

Shot velvets are used in millinery and in wrap and gown finishing. These shot velvets are newer than their name indicates, as they are not the shaded velvets known by that term which have been in use so long. They are two-tone fabrics, a very dark shade of a color being used in the pile, while the underweaving is a bright shade. Dark red, like the black cherry, is undertoned by bright cherry. Two colors are associated as well, red showing through green and through black.

WILL MOTHS EAT SILK?

For all of these years we have put away our silken fabrics with the utmost complacency, in the belief that moth and rust at least would not deprive us of the enjoyment of their beauties; but of late when we unfold these glossy treasures find here a little spot that looks as though it had been scorched, there a tiny hole, and somewhere else a furrow with a very suspicious appearance. Investigation reveals the fact that some insect depredator has been at work, and on several occasions a moth has been found regaling himself on this, to him, new dainty.

Just why moths should take to silk after all these years is one of the unsolved problems of life. Whether the treatment of the silk, the dyes or the finish has anything to do with this or whether it is a new species of moth, or maybe, if tired of one sort of diet, this insinuating pest has made up his mind to try new pastures, some one well up in the science of insectology might decide, greatly to the satisfaction of the perplexed housewife. Certain it is that women who own silken garments are finding it necessary to take great care of certain sorts of silk. Some fine Japanese crapes seem to have offered a very tempting bait to these small creatures, for thd fabric is perforated with holes as clean-cut as though made with a die. One woman is having bags made for all her dresses. Two-yard wide sheeting is cut in suitable length for the skirts. A hanger, such as is used in the shops, is fastened to the bag, the skirt is put over this, the waist is attached by tapes, then the bag is drawn over and closely tied with a draw string. If these bags are washed and starched, they are almost impervious to moths, and a little precaution of this kind may save a dollar's worth of dresses. The bag is equally good for wool or silk, and half a dozen of them should be in the wardrobe of every woman who owns good dresses.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

BONNET PINS.

At one time every one fastened on her hat with a piece of elastic. Then this was discarded and far from ornamental black and white headed pins, as the case might be, were used. The appearance of many a pretty little bonnet was marred by the reckless use of these unsightly articles. But we have changed all that, and nowadays bonnet pins are made a special study of, with the most charming results. It is necessary to have a set of pins to tone with each hat or bonnet, and they may be obtained in all shapes, sizes and colors. Some of the prettiest simulate flowers.

Blue corn-flowers have a tiny crystal glistening in the center of the stamens, and brilliancy is added to counterfeit Neapolitan and wood violets by the same means. Pink tipped daisies make bewitching pins, as do sweet pea blossoms in natural tints. Pin heads set with crystals are always effective. Of more costly and elaborate designs there is an immense variety. Moonstones are much used in conjunction with diamonds, and many fanciful ideas are carried out in the multi-colored stones which have been so fashionable of late.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

AN AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

CAUSE OF BAD COMPLEXIONS.

The main cause of a bad complexion is a bad digestion. Eating too much, eating foods that do not nourish or that do not agree with the system, derange it. Indigestible or superfluous food, instead of being converted into blood, decomposes and causes either a yellow complexion or pimples or cold sores. The best cure for a sallow or blotched skin is a simple diet. Anointing the face is time and effort wasted. The disease is inside, and that is where the remedy must be applied. Some simple medicine will be absolutely necessary to clean house and start the human machinery on a new and health-producing basis. After that temperance, bathing and dieting will do the work. Just what the diet should be will depend upon the individual, but simplicity, abstemiousness and regularity are indispensable to health and good looks. People who go to prison and into convents and monasteries are always healthier and handsomer when they come out than they were before they went in. Bread and water may not be toothsome, but it is wholesome. Children and babies who leave asylums and institutions for homes in private families get sick the first week, proving that nature does not require either rich or abundant material for beauty and health.

BRAID, BRAID, BRAID.

Braid is to be the prime trimming—braid straight or wavy, woven more or less fancifully, wide and small combined, fantastically arranged as embroidery, braid of every conceivable kind, in short, black, white or colored. The new jackets are braided in straight lines or stripes on sleeves and plastron. The new cloth skirts are braided in either horizontal lines or groups of vertical lines to the knee. Of course, shaded braids are to be used, and a large amount of shaded metal braids or galons made of tinsel or silk and tinsel combined. Some splendid effects are obtained in the shaded metal galons. They are sometimes beautifully worked up with silk or are combined with jet or enameled plates. I have seen many shaded gilt and silver galons worked up with jet. But the shaded trimmings are likely to become very common.

A DOVE-COLORED GOWN.

This dress of lady's cloth has a full front of sky-blue Bengaline, which passes beneath a vest of cloth that is cut in a new and particularly smart fashion.

WRAPS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Cloaks for the wee ones are daintie and more luxurious than ever before. They are frequently made of soft faille or bengaline in white or any delicate shade of color, and are mostly coats in Mother Hubbard style. The yoke, however, is merely deep enough to sew the fullness of the skirt upon it. A bunchy effect is really aimed at and easily achieved, with the fullness so high, and tiny capes or plaitings and ruffles added over the shoulders. They are very fascinating; and they are properly completed with cunning poke hoods to match them, which come in sizes up to seven years old.

For misses and young girls there is a great variety of coats, ranging from short jackets to long redingotes. The boucle and other rough, but heavy and soft, cloths are used for these, in many fancy mixtures. The brown boucle trimmed with beaver is very handsome, as is also a long green coat trimmed with gray fox; while for a brunette nothing could be more becoming than a dark red-and-black garment of a heavy diagonal weave, trimmed with black Hercules braid.

Many coats have from three to seven overlapping skirts, sometimes cut in circle shape and sometimes following the seams of the bodice part. The style with three of these skirts is the most effective, and when they are cut very narrow they have the effect of folds.—[Demorest.

SLOPING SHOULDERS AGAIN.

When the whistling winds call for capes we shall see the sloping shoulder once more queen of fashion. The shawl-like effect is to be introduced again, so goodby to the athletic tailor-made shoulder, square set and Minerva-like. The newest bodices have shoulder seams 5½ inches long, and all the trimming falls from a line over the point of the shoulder, which adds to the sloping effect of the bottlelike curves now demanded by the mode.—[St. Louis Republic.

The great Russian family of Menschikoff, which has played so important a part in the history of the empire, is now extinct. The first Menschikoff was the son of a pastry cook, who, after becoming Chancellor, died, in 1729, an exile in Siberia. The last Prince Menschikoff, who passed away at Baden-Baden, was one of the most ardent of European sportsman and had many English friends. His enormous fortune passes to a distant relative, Prince Gagarine.—[London World.

LITTLE GIRL'S GOWN.

Velvets and bengalines will be used for coats, and so will cloths, the newest of which are rough cheviots in plain colors and in mixed effects.

Tabliers, tunics and overskirts are a foregone conclusion.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

It is alleged of a gauger, not long ago dismissed from the revenue service, that he lost his place because of a tin breastplate. This chest protector followed in shape the contour of his form, fitted on beneath his vest. It was hollow and held about a fluid gallon. Its frequent filling at the expense of wholesale liquor dealers led to his downfall.

Wesley Everett of Mullan, Idaho, while hunting cinnamon bear, wounded a full-grown animal, which closed in on him. The bear knocked the gun from his hand, crushed the right leg above the knee, lacerated the right arm in a frightful manner, but expired just at the moment when his teeth had closed on Everett's throat. The latter will recover.

The latest development of the insurance business is interesting. You can buy suspenders which entitle your next of kin to $500 if you are killed while wearing them, and there are also hats which entitle your heirs to a similar amount if you are found dead with one on your head. If the hat is found by your side both it and the insurance are "off."

The oldest twins in Connecticut are Mrs. Eunice Pierce of New Haven and Mrs. Louviey Williams of Meriden. They are eighty-seven, and as bright, smart, spry, healthy, industrious, and cheerful bodies as any in the State. Mrs Pierce has just been paying her annual visit to her sister in Meriden, and the twins had a happy time of it for a week or so. They are members of a family of nine children, all of whom are dead except themselves and a brother in Kansas.

George Jamison, of Crolty's is one of the most expert and experienced hunters in Northern Pennsylvania. A few days ago he consented to take his friend Michael Nelson along with him gunning, but under protest, as Nelson knew nothing about handling firearms. Jamison kept a watchful eye on him as they went through the woods. "It is as much as a man's life is worth," he said to Nelson, "to go into the woods with a greenborn who has a gun, so you must look out, Mike, and be very careful or you may shoot me." The words were hardly out of Jamison's mouth when he stubbed his toe and fell. His gun was discharged. The full charge entered Nelson's breast, killing him instantly.

High upon a snow-clad slope of the Rockies a hunter from the East came upon a curious and tragic record. Far as the eye could reach there stretched the trail of a jack rabbit. The creature had evidently been stretched to the utmost in mad flight, for his footprints were much further apart than they would have been had his gait been of ordinary speed. A few yards before the trail ended each print of the rabbit's feet was accompanied by the clear outline upon the snow of an eagle's outstretched wings. This was repeated again and again. Then came evidences of a struggle. The snow was stained with blood, and there were tufts of fur lying about. Then the trail ended.

The most curious of all objects in New Zealand is that which the Maoris call "aweto." One is uncertain whether to call it an animal or a plant. In the first stages of its existence it is simply a caterpillar about three or four inches in length, and always found in connection with the rata tree, a kind of flowering myrtle. It appears that when it reaches full growth it buries itself two or three inches under ground, where, instead of undergoing the ordinary chrysalis process, it becomes gradually transformed into a plant, which exactly fills the body and shoots up at the neck to a height of eight or ten inches. This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive bullrush, and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable.

Several hundred acres in Humbolt county that last summer raised the biggest hay crop in Iowa, are burning. The soil itself is being consumed by fire and in places eaten away to a depth of fifteen feet. Two years ago the land was several feet under water and was known as Owl Lake. It was purchased by George R. Pearsons and drained by a big ditch. It dried up, leaving a very rich soil. The earth was peatty in character, and a few days ago, when a prairie fire swept over it, the soil itself took fire, burning like turf. All efforts to quench it are unavailing, and unless rain comes the whole bed of the lake will be burned away. The fire eats down to a hard clay, that will be of no use for farming purposes. Any number of fossil remains are exposed to view where the fire has burned out. Several acres have already been burned over. A veil of smoke hides the ravages of the fire.

T. S. Hill of Knoxville, Iowa, is the proud owner of a porcine oddity that, to use a strictly original phrase, lays all the elephant pigs and other monstrosities of the swine family "completely in the shade." To say that it is "strangely and wondrously made," would be putting it too mild by several degrees. It is of average size, plump and fat, notwithstanding the fact that it never "breathed the breath of life." The shoulders and neck are well proportioned and resemble those of any other baby hog, but, aside from that and an enormous ear, there is nothing to distinguish the shoulders from the hams except the "set" of the feet. The beast hasn't the least sign of eyes, snout, mouth or jaws. At about the center of the end which should have carried the head, probably directly over the place where the nostrils would be in the regulation pig, there are three excrescences, each provided with a small opening.—[Republic.

Probably there is not another man in New England who has had such surprises this week as Mr. William J. Brown, of Belfast, Me. Years ago he had two brothers, Jonathan M. and Levi, the home of the family being in Searsmont. Jonathan entered the navy and for thirty years had not been heard from, his family naturally supposing that he was dead. Levi, at the age of fifteen, sailed away in a Searsport ship commanded by a Capt. Charles Nickels, bound for South America. For eighteen years he had been considered dead, as no tidings of him had ever reached home. Some weeks ago William was surprised by getting a letter from South Africa from his brother Jonathan, saying that he was about to leave on a steamer to visit his old home in Waldo County. He also stated that he was a rancher and editor of a paper. Before the family had got through talking over this news William, a fortnight later, received another letter, dated in Australia from his other supposed dead brother Levi. This also stated that Levi was about to start for his native clime.

"One of the most remarkable cases in my experience," said a well-known piano man the other day to a Minneapolis Journal reporter, in speaking of wave sympathy and its effect in sometimes causing discords in the harmonious sounds of a piano through wave vibration with articles of furniture, loose doors, chandeliers and stoves in the room with the piano, "occurred a short time ago when I was called upon to tone the piano of a prominent lady and a well-known musician of this city. After running the scale I found the discordant key, and immediately proceeded to act upon the wave theory in trying to find the loose articles of furniture from which the unsympathetic tone was produced. I had the lady in the meantime sounding this particular key, but after searching and listening all around the room I was unable to locate the cause of the discordant note. Finally, getting upon a chair, I sounded the ceiling. In one place the sound appeared to be more distinct than in any other spot. On sounding the wall I found that the paper had been stretched over a stovepipe hole and that there were some small pieces of loose plaster lying on the paper. I removed these pieces and immediately the discordant note became perfectly harmonious."

Capt. Hurlburt of the British bark Bowman B. Law considers himself fortunate in coming out of a terrible typhoon in the China seas, not without a scratch, but without the loss of any of his crew, or even of a spar or sail. This is his experience as he related it: "We left Sourabaya, Java, the 20th of July, bound for the Columbia River. All went well for the first week. The men put in their time well about the ship, and one particular job that was attended to was painting the mizzen-topmast. This was wood, the other masts and topmasts being iron. I noticed that the paint on the spar blistered more or less under the tropical sun. One fine afternoon, under a clear sky, the storm came on us. There was hardly any warning. The typhoon shot out of the Gulf of Siam as though it came from a cannon. What in the distance was a ripple on the surface of the sea, as it approached us became a feathery foam-dashed mass of waves, and the next minute the hurricane struck us. All sail was stowed away, and we tore ahead under bare poles at locomotive speed. When the fury of the typhoon abated, we found everything intact. The mizzantopmast, however, was bare of paint. The wind had blown the blisters off and nothing remained but the uncovered wood.—[From the Oregonian.

A young business man of this place bought a furnace and had it set up Saturday, says a Moline (Ill.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Sunday he worked all day showing his wife how to work it, so she would not burn the house down, and that evening he took a sleeper for St. Louis. Near Fulton he had a vivid dream. He thought his house was afire and his family was locked up inside. With yells of desperation which fairly froze the blood of the other passengers in the sleeper he kicked in the door and found the floor burned away, his wife and everything in the house cremated, and he himself landed in the cellar with a heavy thud. The blow awoke him, and picking himself up he found himself by the side of the railroad track. Glancing about him, expecting to see the train a wreck and the other passengers killed, he saw in the starlight his train vanishing in the distance. He had actually kicked out the double window of his berth with his bare feet and thrown himself feet first through the window to the ground while the train was running twenty-five miles an hour, and was unhurt save three cuts on his left leg, caused by the broken glass. The passengers notified the conductor, and when the train was backed they found the man walking to meet it. He was clad only in his night clothes. It was almost impossible to believe his story, but his condition and the deserted berth containing his clothes and the broken window confirmed it.

It may not be generally known by people in this vicinity, says the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent, that there is a rocky region in Meriweather County, near the pine and oak mountain ridges, that seems to be a favorite haunt of snakes in that section, and the following terrible incident occurred in that locality: It was about the middle of May, and Mrs. Richard Smith, the wife of a farmer, had gone to the field with her husband, who was replanting corn that had failed to come up regularly. While they were at work Mrs. Smith wandered off to one side of the field where there were a thicket of dewberry vines. While picking the berries she stood upon a pile of rocks that had been picked up from the field and thrown in a heap and the vines had covered them. When she finally started to step down some of the stones were dislodged and rolled noisily down. Instantly the pile swarmed with furious serpents that hissed and writhed about the frightened woman like so many demons. The sight was so terrible that Mrs. Smith stood horror-stricken while the venomous creatures twisted and twined about her limbs and glided over her person, striking and biting her furiously. At last fear gave way and she screamed for help. The men soon came to her rescue and were nearly overcome by the sight. The wretched woman was now fighting with all her strength for life. She grappled the writhing things and attempted to tear them away. Acting on the directions of her friends she stumbled to the open field, where they could assist her, and in a few minutes seventeen copperheads and four rattlesnakes had been killed. Several of them had followed her from the stone pile, hissing and writhing in anger. As soon as possible Mrs. Smith was taken to her home and assistance summoned, but there was not the slightest chance of saving her life. Her body became quickly swollen to an enormous extent, and the skin assumed hideous colors. She had been bitten a dozen times in the face, and her features became one mass of bloated green and black. Sight fled and speech left her. The pain soon drove her into delirium, and in the most horrible agony life passed away.

Genius and Training.

The training of men for work which requires the highest possible nicety of hand is not really training. It is far more the selection, by experiment, of men born with the true touch. For example, we doubt whether the very greatest surgeons—the men whose success depends upon their ability to make sharp steel as sensitive as a finger-tip—perform their hundredth operation better than their fist. They have more confidence, no doubt, but the sleight-of-hand is unborn. Nobody can train a medical student into a great oculist. It is only the ordinary man of whom it can be said that practice makes perfect. The man with the special gift is born perfect. But genius is only the mental side of this gift, apart, and if the people whose business is with mind were as honest and as unsophisticated as those who deal with horseracing or bricklaying, we should not hear anything more about genius being merely the capacity for hard work. To say that the bricklayer with the "knack" is only a bricklayer who takes pains, would be a patent absurdity. It is not less an absurdity, though a less obvious one, to say that a man with a genius for style and literary form is only a man who knows how to take pains, but no amount of taking pains will give him the genius of verse.—London Spectator.

Insects in Pharmacopœa.

Not only in industry and art, but in medicine also, insects are now utilized to a considerable extent, and indeed to a degree not generally understood by the non-professional. Even cockroaches, dried and powdered, are recognized nowadays as a remedy for dropsy, the dust contains an active principle termed antihydrophia, which stimulates the kidneys and checks the complaint. Probably everybody is familiar with the fact that pulverized Spanish flies are commonly utilized for blisters, inflaming the skin through the operation of a substance called cantharadine; and it has latterly been ascertained that ordinary potato bugs dried and powdered possess an equal virtue of the same description; many other insects are also used for supplying cantharadine, there being so many as fifteen species of blister beetles obtained in this country. Cochineal insects, so valuable as a dye, are administered in small doses for neuralgia and to check the spasms of whooping cough. Lac insects, from which shelac is made, are resorted too as a remedy for dysentery; and the medical properties of extracts derived from the galls formed on plants by gall flies are well understood; these galls, which contain about seventy per cent. of tannin, being largely gathered in Asia Minor, mostly from oak trees.—New York Telegram.

Avenged by His Pets.

Meinrad, a famous Swiss saint, who flourished in the ninth century, led a hermit's life in a cell at Einsiedein, where he was often visited for advice and help. The companions of his solitude were two tame ravens, to which he was much attached.

In the year 861 the saint was murdered in his cell by some men inspired by greed of gold, which they supposed the poor man to possess. After the foul deed they fled toward Zurich, whither they were followed by the two ravens.

There certain pilgrims identified the birds, and inquries having been made at once, the murderers were arrested and punished.

The saint's cell remained untenanted for nearly fifty years, but was rebuilt of stone about a century afterward, and some two hundred years later the great convent of Einsiedein, still the richest and most frequented in Switzerland, arose on the spot where the lonely preacher was slain.—[New York Journal.

He Made His Deposit.

There is more or less humbug about the traditional slowness of the messenger boy. At least, there is one of them in Kansas City who is abreast of the age in which he lives. This uniformed urchin keeps an account in one of the banks, and it is growing rapidly, too. The other day he went in to deposit 50 cents. The teller, with more than his customary haughtiness, informed the boy that deposits of less than $1 could not be received by the bank. The youngster wasted not a word in argument, but walked quietly to a desk, wrote a check for $1 and presented the same at the window of the paying teller. The check was honored, of course. Then the carrier of the messages revisited the receiving teller.

"I'd like to deposit $1.50, if you please," he said.

The deposit was accepted, and the receiving teller was very much chagrined.—Detrort Free Press.

Size of European Families.

The Berlin Anthropological Seminary has recently completed some curious tabulations on the average size of families in the various countries of Europe. According to these statistics the average number of persons in families in the different European countries is as follows: France, 3.03; Denmark, 3.61; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweeden and Norway, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.46; Italy, 4.54; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83, and Ireland, 5.20.—St. Louis Republic.

TRUE PHYSICAL TEST.

The Softest Bed Not Always the Best Aid to Comfort.

There is an old story of an Indian and a "pale-face," who, after a long day's journey, lay down in a deserted cabin at nightfall to rest. The Indian, wrapping himself in his blanket, stretched himself on the floor of the cabin, with his feet to the fire, and was soon asleep. His companion, meantime, has espied a feather-bed in another room, and congratulating himself on his discovery, jumped in and was soon in a doze.

With the first rays of the morning light the Indian rose refreshed, and ready for the day's task. He went to arouse his comrade, when lo! he found him dead from the exhaustion of the previous day.

Luxurious repose is never true physical rest.

To enjoy that blessing to its fullest extent, freedom from restraint must be allowed every part of the body. A firm surface is required—one that will tend to keep the body stretched out at full length, that the lungs and heart may feel no sense of restriction by compression of the chest-walls, and that the blood may have uninterrupted course in every direction.

We should never be guilty of supposing that the person whom we saw sitting in a chair, with his chin pressing on his sunken chest, was enjoying true physical rest, no matter how fast asleep he might appear to be.

The tendency of the body to gravitate toward the lowest part of a feather-bed is beyond remedy.

In this position the whole body is often so curled up that no one part is free from constriction. The chest-walls are caved in, and the whole body suffers from the consequent lack of proper oxygenation of the blood and the restriction which is placed upon its general circulation. The blood moves sluggishly, and as a result the condition of "fat and flabby" is superinduced.

This condition is never likely to follow the constant use of a firm hair mattress, for the blood has no chance to get dropsical from too sluggish a circulat on.

Perfect physical repose, like perfect physical activity, is dependent upon a proper equilibrium of the bodily functions during slumber.

The story of the Indian and the white man might easily have been founded on fact.—Youth's Companion.

Where He Made His Money.

Mr. Coleman of Norwich, before he was made a knight, was one day in a Paris hotel, when an inquisitive damsel asked: "Are you the Mr. Coleman who has made so much money out of the mustard we take off the sides of our plat s?" "No," was the answer; "I am the Mr. Coleman who makes money out of the mustard you leave on the sides of your plates."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

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Beware of the man or woman whom a child will not love.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.

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When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczema on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother testifies: "We gave her six bottles of **Hood's Sarsaparilla** and she is entirely well. I have taken it myself for that tired feeling and it does me great good." MRS. WILLIAM MCKELDIN, 404 Stockholm St., Baltimore, Md. Get **Hood's.**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25 cents.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Oblivion and Its Defeats.

TEXTS: "*He shall be no more remembered,*" Job xxiv., 20; "*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance,*" Psalms cxii., 6.

"Oblivion and Its Defeats" is my subject to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, States, Nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of milleniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionarians oblivion. It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge in which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it, So the generations vanish.

Walk up Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year 1893 not one person who walked it in 1793. What engulfment! All the ordinary effort at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while "Old Mortality" is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations

All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands to-day, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath, and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria on the top of an Alexandria, and the second on the top of the third.

Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep, or fifty deep, or 100 feet. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The winds and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and grave diggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Brooklyn and New York and London will have on top of them other Brooklyns and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archæologist of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I., or of Charles Martel, or of Marlborough, or of Mithridates, or of Prince Frederick, or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylæ, and call the long roll. Not one answer.

At the opening of our civil war the men of the Northern and Southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals, you cannot call the names of 1000, nor the names of 500, nor the names of 100, nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who were at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo all still? All still. Are all the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George III. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person of our name was born somewhere between 1810 and 1890, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother. Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June?

Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at Coney Island is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world the hot chisel of the eternal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire. Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out.

Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go, too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the population of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if it had not been for the merciful removal of Nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic.

Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 3000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon.

This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the last century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of history, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll might better be represented as limping on crutches.

Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some encyclopedia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly who wants to be forgotten? Not one of us.

Absent for a few weeks or months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced, "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we inquire, "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight.

A few days ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation as after awhile he mumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are De Witt." We all like to be remembered.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone, and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better?

Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man, clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash, and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear?

What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlass to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction.

Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale?

Through all eternity will the Northern and Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into a hospital, and incarnadined the Susquehanna, and the James, and the Chattahoochee, and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man—every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work upon it shall rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last.

Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky.

We teach a Sabbath class, or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a sermon, and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art in the world than architecture. With pencil and rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence, and evolves from his own brain a cathedral, or a National capitol, or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans, and calls carpenters and masons and artisans of all sorts to execute his design, and when it is finished he walks around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with high satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect's name may be chiseled. But the storms do their work, and time, that takes down everything, will yet take down that structure until there shall not be one stone left upon another.

But there is a soul in heaven. Through your instrumentality it was put there. Under God's grace you are the architect of its eternal happiness. Your name is written, not on one corner of its nature, but inwrought into its every fiber and energy. Will the storms of winter wash out the story of what you have wrought upon that spiritual structure? No. There are no storms in that land, and there is no winter. Will time wear out the inscription which shows your fidelity? No. Time is past, and it is an everlasting now. Built into the foundation of that imperishable structure, built into its pillars, built into its capstone, is your name—either the name you have on earth or the name by which celestials shall call you.

I know the Bible says in one place that God is a jealous God, but that refers to the work of those who worship some other god. A true father is not jealous of his child. With what glee you show the picture your child penciled, or a toy ship your child hewed out, or recite the noble deed your child accomplished! And God never was jealous of a Joshua, never was jealous of a Paul, never was jealous of a Frances Havergal, never was jealous of a man or woman who tried to heal wounds and wipe away tears and lift burdens and save souls, and while all is of grace, and your self-abnegating utterance will be, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, O Lord, give glory!" you shall always feel a heavenly satisfaction in every good thing you did on earth, and if iconoclasm, borne from beneath, should break through the gates of heaven and efface one record of your earthly fidelity, methinks Christ would take one of the nails of His own cross and write somewhere on the crystal, or the amethyst, or the jacinth, or the chrysoprasus, your name and just under it the inscription of my text, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

Oh, this character building! You and I are every moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You are making me better or worse, and I am making you better or worse, and we shall through all eternity bear the mark of this benediction or blasting.

Let others have the thrones of heaven—those who have more mightily wrought for God and the truth—but it will be heaven enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet some radiant soul on the boulevards of the great city who shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged me when I was in earthly struggle. I did not know that I would have reached this shining place had it not been for you." And we will laugh with heavenly glee and say: "Ha! ha! Do you really remember that talk? Do you remember that warning? Do you remember that Christian invitation? What a memory you have! Why, that must have been down there in Brooklyn or New Orleans at least ten thousand million years ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long as that, but I remember it as well as though it were yesterday."

Oh, this character building! The structure lasting independent of passing centuries, independent of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the whole planetary system. Aye, if the material universe, which seems all bound together like one piece of machinery, should some day meet with an accident that should send worlds crashing into each other like telescoped railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations and galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm of immensity all the suns and moons and stars should tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, that would not touch us and would not hurt God, for God is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, and over that grave of a wrecked material universe might truthfully be written, "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

O, Time, we defy thee! O, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine own sepulchers! O, Eternity, roll on till the last star has stopped rotating, and the last sun is extinguished on the sapphire pathway, and the last moon has illumined the last night, and as many years have passed as all the scribes that ever took pen could describe by as many figures as they could write in all the centuries of all time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from any soul in glory the memory of anything we have done to bring it to God and heaven!

There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship—perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress which he was garrisoned, or the face of a great general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage.

This tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!"

It was as much as to say: "I cannot open My hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread abroad My hands to bless, but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with Me. They are so inwrought into My being that I cannot lose them. As long as My hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of My hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of My hands for Myself to look at and study and love. Not on the palm of one hand alone, but on the palms of both hands, for while I am looking upon one hand and thinking of you, I must have the other hand free to protect you, free to strike back your enemy, free to lift if you fall. Palms of My hands indelibly tattooed! And though I hold the winds in My first no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of My hand its billowing shall not wash out the record of My remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.'"

What joy, what honor can there be comparable to that of being remembered by the mightiest and kindest and loveliest and tenderest and most affectionate being in the universe? Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and to-morrow night and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days and the auroras of all the nights and hang them as upholstery at its windows.

Let him take all the rivers, and all the lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas, and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace, and then invite into it all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked among in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throneroom, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God, and into which all the music, and all the prayers, and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain lamb.

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchered. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Thank God for this blessed oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but upon a throne; not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all abloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

Gold in large quantities was produced by Russian mines last year.

SHIPS AND WHALES.

Many Encounters Between the Two Are Recorded.

The steamship Petersburg of the Russian volunteer fleet had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be colored with the life-blood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem, and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw propeller.

The German steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaham Harbor, and wounded it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean during the jubilee race around our islands. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the James Turpie, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night. The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small sailing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made his appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R. N. R., in forty-two degrees south, seventy-five degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in forty-one degrees south, ninety-seven degrees east, after traveling 980 statute miles, certainly without resting, and apparently fasting.

In November the ship Earnock, Capt. Parson, was under sail in twenty-nine degrees south, twenty-one degrees west, when a large whale lashed the sea into foam with his tail, so near the ship that the chief officer, who happened to be below forward, came quickly on deck to see what had happened. He actually felt the impact of the water against her bows.

In June, 1891, while her majesty's ship Immortalite was steaming from Arosa Bay to Gibraltar at the rate of twelve knots an hour, she stopped short as though a submerged danger had been located. It was presently found that she had cut deeply into a whale, and it became necessary to go astern in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Four months later the Anchor Line steamship Ethiopia collided with a whale when about 800 miles from New York.—Chambers' Journal.

Renaud's Exploits.

In February, 1848, when the French capital was in the throes of revolution, a mob surrounded the Hotel de Ville and menaced the deliberations of the Assembly, which was sitting within. At the Theatre Historique, where Chateau-Renaud, an actor of no great consequence at the time, happened to be, he heard of the turmoil, and a bright thought came to him. He put on a costume of a representative of the people in the year 1793. Then he hunted up an old white horse, mounted it, and, with a small crowd at his heels, rode straight to the Hotel de Ville and through the mob which was shouting about its doors. Dismounting, he went into the hall, where Lemartine was presiding. "Citizens," he shouted, "deliberate in peace! No one shall come in while I am here!" He went out and remounted his white horse, and no one did come in. One fantastically attired man, with a terrible countenance, had completely overawed the crowd, which probably would have defied successfully a regiment of soldiers.

Gold in South Africa.

The gold fields of the Transvaal Republic, in South Africa, yielded over 136,000 ounces in August, which is the largest product yet recorded in any one month. In round figures a year's output at the same rate would be worth $32,500,000, which is about equal to the annual production of gold in either the United States or Australia. In the countries last named, however, the gold yield is about stationary, whereas it is rapidly increasing year by year in South Africa. If the Transvaal mines produce $30,000,000 in 1893 there will be $40,000,000 worth of gold mined in 1894 in all probability. Where the top limit will be reached can hardly be guessed. Good judges say that hundreds of square miles of territory are underlaid with gold-bearing rock and that the total yield of the region will not fall below $1,500,000,000.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. NOV. 23

SPEEDY ACTION WANTED.

The business and industrial sentiment of the country demands prompt action on the tariff bill when it shall have been reported to congress, says the Pittsburg *Post*. This on the theory that, tariff revision having been determined on, the sooner it is done and its full measure known the better for business and industry. There can be no doubt of that. While we have never taken any stock in a tariff scare, such as the Republicans engineered in the late canvass, yet there can be no doubt that impending changes in the rates of duties, whether up or down, induce a conservatism in all operations. Manufacturers go slow until they ascertain exactly what the duties on the raw materials they use or the products of their mills will be. This was the case during the long time the tariff of 1893 was pending in commission and congress, and when the McKinley law was up. It does not involve disaster to business, but only a cautious policy for the time being.

Some of the Republican papers are urging that their party in the senate shall fight the new tariff bill at every step and by every means of delay known to the rules of that body. That is a question the Republicans will have to determihe for themselves. If they think it will advantage their party to devote weeks and months to dilatory speeches, as in the case of the Sherman repeal bill, they will of course do so. Such a system of delay will hardly be found a paying investment politically with the whole country calling for prompt action, as in the case of the Sherman repeal. The Democrats got their punishment as being the chief sinners in that respect.

The political interests of the Democrats demand that the new tariff bill should go into operation as quickly as possible. It cannot be put in force a day too soon for us. The experiment of the Republicans with the McKinley bill will not be lost upon the Democrats. That bill was approved by the President October 1, 1890, and by its terms took effect, when not otherwise specially provided, on October 6. That was just a month before the congressional elections, at which the Republicans met a most disastrous overthrow. The bill was so bad that it would no doubt have led to Republican defeat in any event, but politicians are generally agreed that it was a stupendous blunder to make it to take effect in so short a time before an important election. The disturbance to business was naturally more apparent before the country had had time to adjust itself to the new rates. The contention of the Republicans that this was the sole cause of the popular uprising was falsified by the result of the elections two years later; but it is certain that it had its effect. The reform tariff bill should go into effect not later than the first of April, or sooner if practicable.

The depression that existed in many parts of the country the opposition organs alleged was owing to the election of Cleveland and the threatened repeal of the M'Kinley tariff. Now since it is a certainty the protective tariff is to be repealed by the Democrats this winter, things should be getting worse yet right along, according to Republican logic, but instead of it business is improving—mills, factories and mines that shut down during Harrison's administration, are resuming again.

To explain this the REPORTER will let the high tariff organs take the floor. The high tariff is going to be repealed and business is gradually improving on the strength of it.

THE Centre county schools are all in successful operation for the winter session. Perhaps no county in the state has its schools upon a higher standard; the teachers, male and female, are efficient and fairly well paid. The educational standard of our common schools of to-day is equal to what the academy was 25 years ago.

THE difference between the labor cost in this country and Europe on a ton of steel rails has been ascertained, on the authority of a Republican report, to be $3 78. The Republican platform adopted at Minneapolis declares that the tariff should cover the difference between the labor cost of a given article in the United States and foreign countries. That was all that was asked in the name of protection. To carry out the Republican platform the duty on steel rails should be reduced from $13 44 a ton to $3 78. The probabilities are that the new tariff bill will make the steel rail duties somewhere about $7 a ton.

Republican papers boast of the result of the recent election as a landslide. Who ever knew of a landslide that wasn't full of harm and no good?

WHAT OUR EXCHANGES SAY.

Lock Haven Democrat: The Republicans of this (Clinton) county are claiming a great victory. It is a victory sure enough; but where would they have been had it not been for the Democrats?

Middleburg Post: The only Democratic exchange that came to our table last week bearing a number of roosters was that staunch and able advocate of true Jacksonian Democracy, the Centre Hall Reporter. Fred is like a thorough-bred race-horse who runs until he drops, or like a bulldog who doesn't know when he's licked.

The Patriot: The Republican vote in this state at the recent election was about the same as for governor in 1890, and the Democratic vote 160,000 short of that given for Pattison.

The Record: Among the farmers of Ohio there is no visible sign of panic because of the purpose to put wool on the free list. The Ohio farmers had their tariff scare last year, when the price of wool had fallen lower than ever before experienced, under the benign operation of the M'Kinley tariff.

AARONSBURG.

Interesting Items From Neighboring Town.

Frank Weiser and family are back from Altoona. No work.

James Ettinger has gone to work in his cigar factory and engaged a Harry Call to work for him.

Annie Stambach is back from the west after a five months' stay.

The Reformed people were much pleased with Rev. Eisenberg.

Emma Jordan has closed the old home and gone to Mrs. Deshler, her sister, to live this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Yearick have closed their house and gone to Philadelphia on a visit.

Daniel Kline Musser has gone to Philadelphia to study dentistry. A few weeks previous his brother Andrew went there for the same purpose.

The poor overseer of Lock Haven, last week brought John Jordan and family to Haines township with a bill of over one hundred dollars for burying two of their children and caring for them in sickness.

Carpenters and painters have been improving the property which Dr. Musser purchased from postmaster H. H. Weaver.

Emanuel Cronmiller has opened his butcher shop and will now be busy for the next four weeks doing the butchering for quite a number of persons in town.

A Garter Snake In His Stomach.

The Tyrone correspondent to the Harrisburg *Patriot* says: Yesterday morning James, a son of George Westlake, living a few miles above this place, was taken very ill and for awhile his life was despaired of. He has been on the sick list for a long time and had always complained of something moving in his stomach, causing him burning sensations and great weakness. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived Mr. Westlake took a vomiting spell and threw up a garter snake at least seven inches in length. He was relieved at once, and after a few hours said that he was feeling pretty good, although very weak. How the snake got into his stomach is a mystery.

Local Snowflakes.

The death of Joel Royer, of Rebersburg, mentioned on another page, was sudden and unexpected; we are informed he was found dead in his bed in the morning. He has several brothers living and was possessed of considerable wealth, mostly in money at interest.

The weather to-day, Thursday, is colder and cloudy with every indication for squally.

It is reported an up-town councilman has a walk with some dangerous holes; wonder he hasn't got an impudent note about it.

Signs look encouraging for the manufacturers of sleighs and the dealers in ice.

No thanksgiving gobuler has blown his horn around our coop yet, and the day fixed is the 30.

Country butchering is in full blast now, and when the season closes, say middle of January, the sausages, if laid in one string, would reach from sea to sea—selah.

Talking about butchering, reminds us that yesterday John Foreman did a little in that line; he killed 13 porkers and his pile of sausages would fill a big link between this and the Pacific.

Death of James Lourie.

James, son of Rev. Mr. Lourie, of Bellefonte, died at the home of his parents in that place, on Wednesday morning, 22, of consumption after an illness of one year. He was formerly a brakeman on passenger trains on Tyrone division. For the past four years he had been traveling for a commercial house and was quite successful.

——Go to Lewins, Bellefonte, for your clothing. Their styles are perfect in every respect. Suits neat in pattern, stylishly cut and elegantly made. Nothing quite so good anywhere.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—BY VIRTUE OF SUNdry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on Saturday November 25th, A. D. 1893, at 1 o'clock p. m. the following described real estate:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in Spring township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at stones, thence by the road north 23 degrees, east 13 perches to stones, thence by land of Thomas Billington's heirs north 40 degrees—12 perches to stones, thence by land late of Jacob Roop, north 24 degrees, west 19 perches to stones, thence by land late of Robert Stewart, south 69 degrees, west 13 perches to stones, thence by residence of John Barr lands to the place of beginning. Thereon erected a house, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of H. C. Quigley, administrator &c., of Leah Lambert, deceased, &c.

ALSO

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the borough of Howard, Centre county, Pa. bounded and described as follows: On the east by Grove street, on the west by wagon alley, on the north by an alley, and on the south by lot of Mrs. Ciara Schenck. Fronting 118 feet on Grove street, and extending back 200 feet to Wagon alley, thereon is erected a two-story frame building the main building being 32x29 feet with a two-story kitchen in rear 14 x 16 feet, and in rear of kitchen a work house with shed roof, with porch in front of main building and on south side.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of D. W. Schenck and Maria Schenck his wife.

ALSO.

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Penn township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence along the turnpike road north 64 degrees, east 4 perches to a post, thence along an alley south 27 degrees, east 10 perches to a stone, thence along an alley south 64 degrees, west 4 perches to a stone, thence along lot No. 7, north 27 degrees, west 15 perches to the place of beginning, containing 4) perches neat measure and marked in the general plan of lots of Coburn as No. 8. Thereon erected a good two-story dwelling house stable, and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Rebecca Kerstetter and Joel Kerstetter.

ALSO

All that lot of ground situate in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., containing one and one-half acres, more or less, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in public road leading from Woodward to Coburn, thence along said road by lands of John C. Motz. South 54¾ degrees, west 10 perches to a post in said road, thence along said road and lands of Henry Musser, south 17 degrees, east 5 4-10 perches to a post, thence by other land lots of L. F. Albright deceased, south 30 degrees, east 2 perches to a post, thence by same north 54¾ east 11 3-10 perches to a post, thence by the same north 30 degrees, west 7 6-10 perches to the place of beginning. Thereon erected a two-story dwelling h use, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Philip Bowersox.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in the township of Boggs in Centre county, Pa., aforesaid bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post thence north 13 degrees, east 33 perches, thence north 65 degrees, west 10 perches, thence north 68 degrees, west 13 perches to stones, thence north 68 degrees, west 32 perches to a pine, thence north 3 degrees, west 29 perches, thence west 9 perches, thence north 14 degrees, west 16 perches, thence north 5 degrees, east 18 perches to a white oak stump, thence north 58 degrees, east 60 perches, thence north 35 degrees, west 12 perches to a white pine, thence north 25 degrees, east 10 perches, thence north 9 degrees, east 21 perches to a pine, thence north 4 degrees, east 66 perches, thence north 4 degrees, west 33 perches, thence north 13 degrees west 24 perches, then e north 29 degrees, east 22 perches, thence south 75 degrees, east 58 perches, thence south 10½ degrees, west 70 perches, thence south 33½ west 10 perches to a stone, thence south 20 degrees, west 13 perches, thence south 21 degrees, east 4 perch-s to a white oak, thence north 81 degrees, east 66 perches, thence north 65 degrees, east 8 perches, thence north 62 degrees, east 22 perches to a white oak, thence north 62 degrees, east 16 perches to a white pine, thence south 24 degrees, east 2¾ perches, thence north 62 degrees, east 20 perches, thence south 41 degrees, east 32 perches, thence south 46 degrees, west 20 perches to stones, thence south 68 degrees, west 16 perches, thence south 56 degrees, 22 perches, thence south 32degrees, west 30 perches, thence south 62 degrees, west 19 perches to a thorn, thence south 76 degrees, west 24 perches thence south 4 degrees, west 134 perches to a white oak, thence south 11 degrees, west 14 perches to stones, thence north 77 degrees, west 58 perches, thence north 22 degrees, west 24 perches to the place of beginning, containing 195 acres and 144 perches net measure. Thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of John Curtin.

ALSO

All that certain lot of ground situate in Boggs township, bounded and described as follows. On the north-east by lot of Mrs. G. R Quick, on the south-east by lot of Mrs. David Watson, and on the west by public road. Containing ¼ of an acre more or less. Thereon erected a frame bank barn.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of George R. Quick.

ALSO

All that certain messuage or tenement and tract of land lying and being in the township of Rush, Centre county, Pa., and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the west line of Walnut street on south side addition to Philipsburg. Said point being between A and B streets and at the corner of land now owned by Thomas Easton, Jr., thence in a westerly direction along line of Easton's land a distance of one hundred and forty-eight perches (148) more or less to an alley, thence in a southerly direction along said alley a distance of thirty-two feet [32] more or less to line of land owned by Edward Henderson, thence in an easterly direction along the line of same one hundred and fifty-one feet more or less to the line of Walnut street, thence in a southerly direction along the line of said street a distance of thirty-three feet, more or less to the place of beginning, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Alfred Mayer and Mary Alice Mayer.

ALSO

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in Marion township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of R. C and J. Curtin, on the east by land of Jacob Bridgens, on the south by lands of Henry Tibbens and H. Brockerhoff's heirs and on the west by land of John Clark. Containing 66 acres, no improvements.

ALSO

2.

All that certain messuage or tenement and lot of ground situate in the township of Spring Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at post at Logan Branch near the bend below Valentine's old Furnace, thence by land of Robert Valentine north 77½ degrees, east 39 perches to post, thence by land of Isaac May et al north 12¼ degrees, west 6 perches to stones, thence by lands same south 76½ degrees, west 32 perches to post, thence by Logan's Branch up the several courses of the stream to the place of beginning. Containing one acre and 53 perches. Having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Samuel Tibbens.

ALSO

All that certain piece of land situate in Marion township, Centre county, Pa., being part of all that certain tract of land surveyed in the warrantee name of Jeremiah Jackson and bounded and described as follows. Beginning at the north-west corner of said Jeremiah Jackson tract thence north 41 degrees, east 229 7-10 perches along said Jackson line to a point, thence south 20 degrees, east to line of land of Perry McDowell thence south 45 degrees, west along said line of McDowell to the western boundary line of said Jackson tract, thence along said westerly line of of the Jackson tract north 29 degrees west to the place of beginning, containing 125 acres more or less. No improvements.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of J. P. Findley.

ALSO

All that certain lot or piece of land situate in the township of Rush, county of Centre, and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the north-west corner of the said lot, thence along Curtin street south 62 degrees, east 40 feet to a post, thence south 28 degrees, west 60 feet to a post, thence by the residue of the larger lot of which this is a part, north 62 degrees, west 40 feet to lands of Morgan Hale and Company, thence along the said lands of Morgan Hale and Company, north 28 degrees, east 60 feet to Curtin street and place of beginning Thereon erected a house and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. F. Davis.

ALSO

All that certain tract of land situate in Union township, bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Sylvanus, Lucas, on the south by lands of ——Warner, on the east by lands of Enoch Hugg, and on the west by lands of Peter S. Bush, containing about 40 acres more o less. Thereon erected a good house, barn and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Grant Davidson.

ALSO

All that certain lot or piece of ground situate on the south side of Beaver street, in the borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the south side of Beaver street 100 feet east from McClains alley, thence southwardly 200 feet to line at right angles to Beaver street to Ardell's alley, thence eastwardly along said Ardells alley 50 feet to lot of Marshall Derr, thence northwardly along said lot of Marshall Derr 200 feet to Beaver street, thence westward ly along said Beaver street 50 feet to the place of beginning. Thereon erected a dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of A. C. Loneberger.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money be paid in full.

W. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—Whereas the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, and the Hon. C. A. Faulkner Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 30th day of Oct. 1893 to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. the 27th day of Nov. 1893, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Bellefonte the 30th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord, 1893, and the one hundred and seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

THREE DOLLARS A WEEK FOR LIFE.

HERE IS A SNAP FOR BRAINY PEOPLE—THE LATEST THING OUT.

In order to introduce The Canadian Agriculturist into New homes, the publishers have decided to present an unusually attractive reward list for their Great Eighth Half Yearly Literary Attraction for the summer of 1893, which closes Oct. 1. They have entered into a written agreement to pay through the Judges all the rewards offered below

HOW TO SECURE A REWARD.—Those who become subscribers can compete free of charge. All that is necessary is to take a few sheets of paper and make all the words you can out of the letters in th theree words, "World's Columbian Exposition," and send them to us, inclosing $1 for six months subscription to either The Canadian Agriculturist or The Ladies' Home Magazine, two of the choicest illustrated periodicals of the day.

The sender of the largest list will receive $3 per week for life; 2nd, $1,000 in gold; 3rd, $500; 4th, $250; 5th, $100; 6th, Ticket to World's Fair and ten days expenses; pianos, organs, ladies' and gents' gold and silver watches, silver tea services, diamond rings, and over 10,000 other rewards, making altogether the most valuable prize list ever offered by any publisher. Send for printed list of former prize-winners.

RULES.—Foreign or obsolete words not counted. 2. Letters cannot appear oftener than they appear in the words, "World's Columbian Exposition"—that is, the word "riddle," for instance, could not be used, because there is but one "d" in the three words, etc. 3 Names of persons and places barred. 4 No charge for packing or shipping, but all prize winners will be expected to help us to extend our circulation. 5. All lists containing over 100 correct words will receive a special reward.

JUDGES.—The following well-known gentlemen have consented to act as judges and will see that the prizes are fairly awarded—Commodore Calcutt, (Proprietor Calcutt's Line of Steamers), Peterborough, and Mr. W. Robeston, President Times Printing Company, Peterborough.

AGENTS WANTED—We pay $1 to $5 per day salally (no commission) to men, women, boys and girls. Write for particulars. Register all money letters. Address, AGRICULTURIST PUB. CO., (L'td), Peterborough, Canada.

WANTED.—SALESMEN, TO SELL OUR choice and hardy nursery stock. Many special varieties to offer both in fruits and ornamentals, and controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary, give exclusive territory and pay weekly. Write us at once and secure choice of territory. MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, 15jun5m Rochester, N. Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Michael Tibbens, deceased, of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, she would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ANNA M TIBBENS, oct19-6t Penn Cave P. O.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Catharine Gentzel, dec'd, of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES D GENTZEL, Adm'r. nov2-6t Spring Mills

PUBLIC SALE.—A GOOD TWO-STORY dwelling house, with good summer house on it, and lot, in Coburn, will be sold cheap at private sale. A good property and well located, a bargain. Apply to,

LUCY M. AUMAN. nov.9-4t Potters Mills.

CAUTION.—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY cautioned against selling my husband, C. C. Auman, anything on my account, as I will pay no bills, or debts whatever contracted by him. LUCY M. AUMAN. nov9-3t Potters Mills.

$5 $10 and $20. Genuine Confederate Bills only five cents each; $50 and $100 bills 10 cents each; 25c and 50c shinplasters 10 cents each; $1 and $2 bills 25 cents each. Sent securely sealed on receipt of price. Address, CHAS. D. BARKER, 99 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of John H. Odenkirk, deceased, late of Potter township, Centre county, having been placed in the hands of the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment, and all persons having claims, to present them duly authenticated by law, for settlement.

MARY J ODENKIRK, W. A. KERR, nov16-6t Executors.

DISSOLUTION.—THE FIRM OF G. H. & P. P. Long, has been mutually dissolved, during the month of December, 1893, the books will remain in the hands of G. H. Long, at the brick store, Spring Mills, for settlement.

ALSO.—The store business at Potters Mills, will be dissolved on January 1st, 1894, books to remain with P. P. Long, at Potters Mills during the month of January, 1894.

G. H. & P. P. LONG. nov19-3t Spring Mills & Potters Mills

THE BEST PLASTER.—Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

—All the news, the REPORTER.

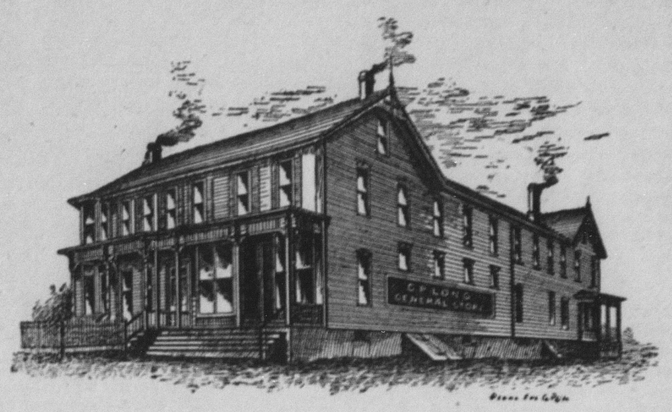
OUR FALL OPENING

AT THE

ENTERPRISE STORE

will be continued through the entire month of November'

C. P. LONG & Co., Proprietors.



We have decided to continue our Grand Opening days through the month of Nov., when we will be ready to show you an extra fine stock of goods which will be offered at prices that defy competition. The stock consists of Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Ladies' Coats, &c.

) —— :o: —— (

Childrens' Caps, worth 40 cents for			13
" Velvet Hats, was .75 sold now for			25
Apron Gingham, worth 7 cents at			04
" " " 8 "			06
Good Toweling			4½
Table Oilcloth			23
" Damask			28
" " Grey			32

— LADIES' COATS A SPECIALTY —

Boys' Overcoats $2,50. Men's Overcoats $5,00 were $4, at $2,65. Red Bed Blankets,

Bed Blankets @ .96 ₱ pr. Square Horse Blankets $1,00 and up. Hand Saws .25.

Corsets worth .40 cents for .15. 4 lb. Brown Sugar for 10 cents.

Carpet .23 ₱ yd. Calicos, worth 7 cts at .04. Ladies' Vests worth .50 cts for 30. Boys' Suits $1.37. Cups and Saucers .15 cents per set.

POULTRY WANTED FOR THANKSGIVING!

Butter, Eggs, Apples, etc., taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget originator of Low Prices.

. . . . New Store "On the Hill."

Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!

WE promise to make your visit an actual saving of Dollars and Cents to you.

FAUBLES, BELLEFONTE.

Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.
Try Us.

THE COLUMBIAN ALBUM.

Magnificent Souvenir Of The World's Fair Placed Within The Reach Of All.

The Pittsburg *Times*, which has a reputation for enterprise and liberality which is equaled only by its excellence as a newspaper, claps the climax with an announcement that is certain to be universally commended. It proposes to distribute among its readers, and all who will become readers of the Pittsburg *Times*, the "Columbian Album," a splendid collection of photographic views of buildings and points of interest about the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition. There will be ten parts, each containing 16 large photographs, reproduced on fine paper and accompanied by clear descriptions. The whole will form a magnificent and enduring souvenir of the Great Fair, which is at once the pride and wonder of the century. Beginning Monday, November 13th the *Times* will print in each issue a coupon. Upon receipt of six of these coupons, from different issues of the paper, and five two-cent postage stamps, or their equivalent in cash, *The Times* will send to any address one part of the "Columbian Album." All the parts can be obtained in the same way, so that at the end of ten weeks everybody who reads *The Times* can have the complete Album. The work will give its possessors who were unable to go to Chicago almost as much pleasure as a trip to the Fair, and to those who did walk up and down the streets of the White City, it will be an invaluable souvenir. Look out for *The Pittsburg Times* next Monday and every succeeding day. It will give you all the news for one cent a day, and will also give you an opportunity to obtain the "Columbian Album." If there is no agent for *The Times* in your locality, you can build up a profitable business by writing to *The Times* and securing the agency at once. nov16-2t

She Wanted The Time.

Hannah is a flag station on the Bald Eagle railroad. The circumstances that we shall relate occurred a couple of weeks ago, but the story isn't too rusty to tell says the Tyrone *Herald*. As the morning train approached the depot in question a lady, supposed to be a waiting passenger, stepped out and gave the signal to halt; which was promptly obeyed by the engineer, and when the train had settled down in its accustomed way to receive passengers the lady approached Brakeman Bhaney, who had taken his place on the platform to receive politely and help the passenger to a seat, and said: "Mister, will you please tell me what time it is? I am a school teacher, the clocks around here have all stopped and I don't know when to to take up school." While the brakeman listened to something else the pretty little school marm had to say in an undertone, Conductor Snyder pulled his brow down over his nose and impatiently beckoned Engineer Weaver to move on. The order was promptly obeyed, but enough time intervened for some fellow belonging to the crew to saturate the air completely round that depot with swear words. It is said that to this day the atmosphere is blue and smells of brimstone for a mile in every direction from Hannah flag station.

And Still Another.

Samuel Meese another of the prisoners who recently escaped from the county jail at Bellefonte, was captured at Lock Haven, and is now safely housed within the hospitable quarters of Fort Ishler. But one of the four prisoners who escaped is at large yet, and Sheriff Ishler will gather him in under his protecting wing. Meese will go back to serve his unexpired time for getting drunk and hitting a man and probably to answer to the charge of jail breaking.

Out On a Hunt.

Charley Bradford and Will Stover, of Freeport, Ill., but now on a visit to his home, form part of a party who went out on Wednesday after deer in the Seven Mountains. We hope the boys will meet with better success than has been met with by other hunting parties. Deer do not seem to be very plentiful, but the slight snow fall of Tuesday may be of no little assistance in tracking and finding their haunts.

Trusting To Luck.

A business man who doesn't advertise is like a man who goes fishing without any bait and dangles the naked hook in the water, trusting to luck that some fish will accidentally run up against it and be caught. Not infrequently men will enter some business, put up a little sign and then wait for some one to accidentally find that they want customers.

A Hunting Accident.

Last Sarurday a young man named Clarence Aikey, employed on a farm near Hartleton, took a day off for a hunt after pheasants, with a friend, and back of that town they saw a rabbit. He got on a stump to shoot, and in the act of drawing his gun to him, the trigger caught and both loads of his double barreled gun went off, disemboweling him. He was a young man in high esteem.

——Bargains in latest style ladies coats at C. P. Long & Co's, Spring Mills.

EXPLOSIVES. POWDER, FUSE AND QUARRYING MACHINERY.

ATLAS POWDER.—The very best quality of Dynamite in use is named the Atlas Powder, for blasting rocks and blowing out stumps.

JUDSON POWDER.—The Judson powder is of medium strength between black powder and dynamite.

BLACK POWDER.—Dupont's make of blasting, rifle and sporting powder has always been considered the best in the market and it is as good in quality to-day as it ever was.

CARTRIDGES.—Fixed ammunition for hunters and sportsmen.

WE ARE PREPARED to supply the trade with the above High Class Explosives at the very lowest prices. We guarantee the lowest prices for the best goods in this line ever offered for sale in this community.

FUSE.—Cotton, hemp, tape and rubber fuses for use in dry and wet rock.

PLATINUM FUSES AND ELECTRIC BLASTING APPARATUS.

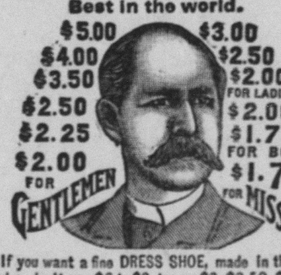
ROCK DRILLS.—Rock Drills operated by hand, steam or compressed air with boilers, air compressors and engines for operating the same.

ORDERS FOR ANY of the above articles placed in our hands will receive prompt attention at the very lowest prices.

McCALMONT & CO.,
22Junly BELLEFONTE, PA.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.

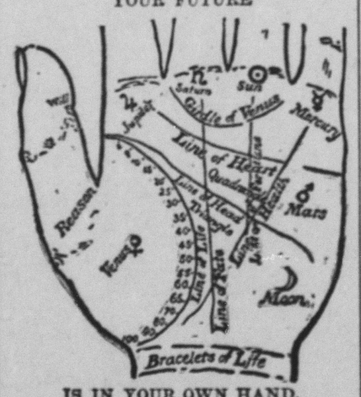


If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay $6 to $8, try my $3, $3.50, $4.00 or $5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

Wm. Pealer, Spring Mills.

YOUR FUTURE



IS IN YOUR OWN HAND.

Palmistry assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate. It will amuse you, if nothing more. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of the LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BRACELET gives you thirty years. Well-marked LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, fame or riches. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demorest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that every member of the family is entertained. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF FATE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked. A well-defined LINE OF HEALTH spares you doctors' bills; so will the health hints in Demorest's. No other magazine publishes so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well marked; keep up your spirits by having Demorest's Magazine to read. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 17x22 inches, "I'm a Daisy!" which is almost a real baby, and equal to the original oil painting which cost $300; and you will have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads, and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and you get with it, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2.00, and you will really get over $25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE, generosity; long FIRST DIVISION OF THUMB, strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The MOUNT OF JUPITER betokens ambition; that of SATURN, prudence; the SUN, love of splendor; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY, intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough. For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

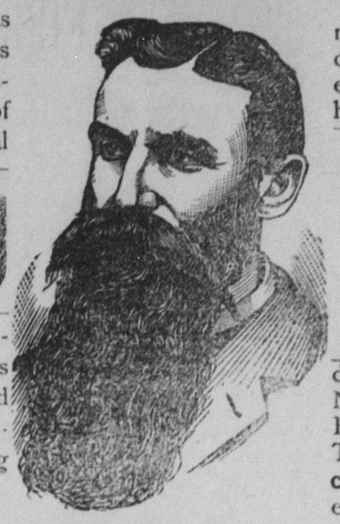
is the truthful startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless *Guaranteed* tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to bac." Sold by all druggists.

Book at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

DR. MORITZ SALM.

The doctor has been for years professor and lecturer in several of our largest medical

colleges and earned great fame as an authority and author on all subjects concerning his specialty.



This eminent Physician has devoted lifetime to his specialty--

diseases of the Nose, Eye, Ear, Lung, Throat, and chroni Diseases.

Will Be At

MILLHEIM, Pa., at MUSSER HOUSE—Fridays, Aug. 11; Sept. 8; Oct. 6; Nov. 3; Dec. 1; Dec. 29; Jan. 26; Feb. 23; March 23; April 20; May 18; June 15; July 13; Aug. 10.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., at BUSH HOUSE—Saturdays, Aug. 12; Sept. 9; Oct. 7; Nov. 4; Dec. 2; Dec. 30; Jan. 27; Feb. 24; March 24; April 21; May 19; June 16; July 14; Aug 11.

He will visit this county EVERY FOUR WEEKS, thus saving his patients the trouble and expense of visiting the city, as he is the only physician and surgeon in the country who carries his own manikins, models, diagrams, etc., to illustrate and make plain to all afflicted the cause and nature of their di-ease. This will give his numerous patients and others who are in need of medical treatment an opportunity to consult this distinguished physician, whose duties at the institute will permit only of monthly visits to your community.

All Eye Operations Successfully Performed.

CURED OF DEAFNESS AND CATARRH BY DR. SALM.

Our son Stanly has been very hard of hearing for some years, all on account of a bad case of catarrh; we brought him to Dr. Salm for treatment, and now after only four months he is almost entirely well and I am certain that the Dr. will finish a cure within the set time.

BENJAMIN LIMBERT,
Madisonburg, Pa, his father
Centre Co.

CAN LIVE ONCE MORE IN COMFORT AND EASE,—CURED OF PRURITUS ANUS BY DR. SALM.

For more than twelve years I have had a most severe itching called (Pruritus Anus) the same troubled me continually no matter what position my body was in only worse in summer the sensation was almost intolerable. But now after a course of treatment with Dr. Salm I can live once more with comfort and ease.

JOHN D. MILLER,
Kent, Ind. Co., Pa.

SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED AFTER 16 YEARS.

For more than sixteen years I have been cross-eyed very much so in both eyes. Dr. Salm operated on both of them at the same time. I was not confined to my room nor had my eyes bandaged and today my eyes are as straight as any ones, as you will see by above pictures

LYDA G. GILLAM,
North Buffalo, Pa.
Armstrong Co.

SUFFERED UNTOLD AGONIES FOR 15 YEARS. TRIED 7 DRS. BUT GREW WORSE UNTIL TREATED BY DR. SALM.

For the last fifteen years I have been suffering very much; have been treated by seven different Drs.; nearly all of them gave my ailment a different name and gave me medicine accordingly. The result was that I became worse and worse until at last I went to Dr. Salm, who pronounced my disease to be of the bladder, Kidneys and Stomach and treated me accordingly, with the most splendid result; he has done me more good in one month than all others in fifteen years and I feel once more like I did sixteen years ago; no feeling of tiredness and fatigue as heretofore; I can do my work and enjoy it; that was an impossibility heretofore

MRS. NETTIE POORMAN,
Milesburg, Pa.
Centre Co.

82 YEARS OLD AND MADE TO SEE AFTER TOTAL BLINDNESS BY DR. SALM.

I have been blind in my right eye for some years with Ecuile Cataract. I had heard a good deal of Dr. Salm, so I went to him three years ago last June and he operated on me without pain and the cataract was removed with fine success and today I can see just as well as four weeks after the operation. I can safely recommend the Dr. to suffering humanity; I am now eighty-two years old. DANIEL COGLY,
Roaring Village, Pa.
Armstrong Co.

WAS REDUCED TO A WRECK AFTER TEN YEARS FEARFUL RAVAGES OF CATARRH AND CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.—DR. SALM CURED ME.

For ten years I have suffered terribly with catarrh and bronchitis. The disease gradually extended to almost every other organ in my body; I became a physical and mental wreck; have tried our best Drs. in the county, but I grew worse and worse until as a last resort I gave my case to Dr. Salm and I am glad to say that under his treatment I begun to improve from the very first month. That distressing cough and fearful pain in my chest has left me; I need not snap for breath any more and feel as strong as ever. The most wonderful of all is that I have not taken a single cold since the first month.

JACOB VOGEL,
Galitzin, Pa. 54 years old
Cambria Co.

A VERY SORE EYE CURED BY DR. SALM AFTER OTHER DRS. HAD ADVISED REMOVAL OF SAME.

My son Clement now nine years old has had very sore eyes for four years; so much so that the Drs. advised the removal of one of them. We could not decide to have the eye taken out so we brought him to Dr. Salm and today there is not the least sign of an inflammation and he can see as well as ever. Just think of it, after only two months treatment and without any operation.

MRS MAGGIE LOVE,
Centre Hall, Pa.
Centre Co.

CATARRH AND EARTROUBLE CURED AFTER 7 YEARS STANDING, BY DR. SALM.

For six or seven years I have been suffering with a bad case of catarrh; gradually became worse and worse. The last two years my ears begun to trouble me a good deal and I became rather hard of hearing; they ached a good deal and begun to discharge a lot of very offensive matter. Now after a course of treatment I must confess that I am highly pleased; for I can hear as well as ever and have no more aches nor pains nor running of the ears.

L. A. REESE,
Pindleton, Pa.
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Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 21, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.50 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.01 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p m., New York 3.50 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m., Washington 4.10 a. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a m Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.,

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.40 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.45 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.50 a m; Washington at 10.15a m, Baltimore at 11.10 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.35 p m, Washington 3.15 p m, Baltimore 4.12 p m, arriving at Montandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.40 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 00		5 40	Montandon	9 20		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 38	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 25
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 58		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.20, 5 40 and 7.45 p m turning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 10 20 a m, 5.02 p m, 5.56 p m, and 8 05 p m

For rates; maps, etc., call on agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth ave., Pittsburg.

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A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. D. Murray.

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THE NEWS.

Eugene H. Munday, a poet, the publisher of a trade paper, the Proof Sheet, and at one time prominent in Philadelphia affairs, died aged sixty-two years.——While standing before the dining-room stove, the clothing of Miss Rena Kelly, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl of Valley View, Ky., took fire, and before assistance could reach her she was fatally burned.——Nine of the fourteen inmates of the jail in Mount Vernon, Ill., escaped. They were permitted to remain in the corridors of the jail during the day and managed to bend the iron bars in the upper windows sufficiently to permit them to escape.——A free-for-all family fight took place in the suburbs of Chattanooga, Tenn., three men and as many women being engaged. As the result Frank Pierce was mortally stabbed near the heart by his brother-in-law, West Moreland, who was jailed. The parties were all drunk.——J. W. Fuller, a notorious bank swindler and crook, was arrested in Richmond, Ind., by Detective Charles Page. When arrested, Fuller carried a large pasteboard box filled with bank checks from as many as fifty banks throughout the country. He claims his home is at Williamsport, Pa.——The Wisconsin, Minnesota and Pacific Railroad was disposed of at master's sale in Mankato, Minn., under decree of a mortgage foreclosure.

Earthquake shocks are reported to have been felt at the British West India Island, Dominica.——Michael McNamara shot and probably fatally wounded Mrs. Ellen Sweeney and her daughter Mary, in Cleveland, and then shot himself in the head. McNamara will die. The latter boarded with the Sweeney family.——Amelia Darby pleaded guilty in the district court of Ottumwa to the murder of Thos. Lloyd, at Neb., June 27, for which her former husband is now serving a life sentence in the Fort Madison penitentiary.——W. H. Campbell & Bro., one of the oldest and strongest firms of Augusta, Ark., assigned. Liabilities about $35,000; assets from $40,000 to $50,000. Creditors are mostly Southern firms.——Bank robbers shot the president of the Bank of Milton, Oregon, and then robbed the bank.——J. M. Breedlove, sheriff of Henry county, Tenn., was shot and instantly killed in Murray, Ky., by a negro named Coleman. The negro was in ambush and used a shotgun, blowing the top of the sheriff's head off.——Van Roberts, a hotelkeeper at Rush Hill, Mo., has received intelligence that he has fallen heir to $60,000, left him by John Bennett, who died at Las Vegas, N. M. Roberts saved Bennett from drowning in the Sangamon river, near Decatur, Ills., twenty years ago, and $600,000 is his reward.——At Running Water, S. D., the three sons of John Burgaff, respectively six, eleven and thirteen years, were in the field husking corn. The elder one picked up a gun, it is said, for the purpose of scaring the other two, and in the attempt to shoot over their heads, he blew the head off one and dangerously wounded the other, who will probably die.

Mable Hipple, aged fifteen years, daughter of Dr. W. F. Hipple, of Alleghany, Pa., died from the effects of drinking about half an ounce of carbolic acid in mistake for medicine.——United States Marshal Long, of San Francisco, received a telegram from Attorney General Olney to release the Chinese whom he had arrested for violation of the Geary act. Fourteen were in the marshal's custody for that offense, and they were let out of the county jail.——W. F. Putnam, president of the Lexington, Ky., Water Works Company, has been arrested for embezzling $30,000 from the National Granite Bank.——In the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, Judge Caldwell signed a decree appointing Messrs. Oakes, Payne and Rouse receivers of the property, docks and coal yards of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.——Monroe Wyatt, a well-known farmer of Florence Station, Ky., died from the effects of a blow dealt him by his step-son, Fred Hughes.——A terrible boiler explosion occurred at Hooks Switch, near Beaumont, Texas, demolishing the Hooks Lumber Company's mill. Three men were killed and six severely injured. Those killed are Joe Kirksey, Will Weiss and Bob McKinney—the latter a colored man.——John A. Drake, treasurer of the Indiana and Illinois and Iowa Railway Companies, was sandbagged in his office in Chicago and robbed of $20,000.——Heavy snowstorms prevailed in Northern New York. Eight inches of snow fell at Dunkirk.

The Overland stage was robbed five miles north of Ukiah, Col., by a lone highwaymen. He wore blue overalls, had a cotton mask and a double-barreled shotgun. The amount taken is not known. The passengers were unmolested.——The body of a young man, well dressed, about nineteen years old, was found frozen stiff and hanging by the neck in a barn at Rochester, O. The first supposition was that the young man had committed suicide, but the manner in which the hanging was done, and other features of the case, lead to the belief that murder was committed. No clue has been found to the murderer or murderers.——Mrs. John Peterson, who has been married about three months, was shot in the abdomen and arm, in Tacoma, Wash., by Albert Lauren, a former admirer. Lauren then went into the woods nearby and blew out his brains with a pistol.——A disastrous wreck occurred just outside the city limits of Vincennes, Ind., on the Baltimore and Southwestern Railroad. Charles S. Neff, head brakeman, was killed, and seventeen freight cars, laden with merchandise shipped from Cincinnati to parties in the Southwest, were totally destroyed.——Ship Donovan, on trial for the murder of John Chew, pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Freehold, N. J.——Ira Sandford Tate, charged with murdering Russell Tasker and poisoning his own wife, was caught and put in jail at Uniontown, Pa.——J. M. Hunsberger, discount clerk of the Union National Bank, in Norristown, Pa., was arrested for the embezzlement of $2,250 of the bank's funds, and held under bail for trial.

A train on the Alley "L" road, in Chicago, crashed into the rear of a train standing at the station at Twenty-second street. The car struck was partly telescoped, but nobody was seriously injured. Engineer Perkins said the fog was so thick that he could not see more than a few feet in front of him.

The Paris Exposition of 1900 will be held on both sides of the Seine, the site including the Champ de Mars, grounds of the Palais du Trocadero, the Quai d'Orsay, Esplarade des Invalides, the Quai de la Conference, the Cours la Reine and the Quai de l'Industrie.

HAWAII TO BE FREE

Secretary of State Gresham Announces the Decision.

ANNEXATION DEFEATED.

Queen Liliuokalani Will be Restored —Text of the Report to the President—Ex-Minister Stevens Scored for Misinforming the Department of State.

After a cabinet meeting held at the White House Washington (which was of unusual duration, lasting over three hours and a half), Secretary Gresham, with the concurrence of the President, gave out for publication a report on Hawaiian affairs, a synopsis of which follows. Though no direct statement to that effect accompanies the publication of this most important document it is assumed that the instructions given to Minister Willis, who left for his post of duty at Hawaii just about this time, after being twice delayed in his departure, are in consonance with the tenor of the views therein expressed. It is also assumed that the change of Admirals in command at Honolulu, by the substitution of Admiral Irwin for Admiral Skirrett, which was made to take effect contemporaneously with Mr. Willis's arrival there, had in view the contemplated change of policy on the part of the United States.

The cabinet agreed that the dignity of our people demanded that as a wrong has been committed it should be righted at once. Hence Minister Willis has instructions that will permit the restoration of the monarchy if the Hawaiians so desire.

The report of Secretary Gresham is, of course, based on that of Mr. Blount, who was sent as special commissioner to Hawaii by the President soon after his inauguration. Mr. Gresham says that Mr. Blount's report shows that the Queen on January 14, announced her intention of promulgating a new constitution, but by the advice of her friends changed her purpose and publicly announced that she had done so. A meeting of a so-called Committee of Public Safety, consisting of 13 men, 5 of whom were Americans and nearly all aliens. On January 15 created the Provincial Government, which was to exist "until terms of Union with the United States of America had been negotiated and agreed upon." A mass meeting of the residents mostly aliens, confirmed this action. Later the same afternoon the committee addressed a letter to John L. Stevens, the American Minister at Honolulu, stating that the lives and property of the people were in peril, and appealing to him and the United States forces at his command for assistance.

"This communication concluded, 'We are unable to protect ourselves without aid, and therefore we hope for the protection of the United States forces.'

"On receipt of this letter Mr. Stevens requested Captain Wilse, commander of the United States steamer Boston, to land a force 'for the Protection of the United States Legation, United States Consulate, and to secure the safety of American life and property.'

"The well-armed troops were promptly landed and marched through the quiet streets of Honolulu with two Gatling guns to a public hall previously secured by Mr. Stevens for their accommodation. This hall was just across the street from the government building and in plain view of the Queen's palace.

"While there was no manifestation of excitemant or alarm in the city, and the people were ignorant of the contemplated movement, the committee entered the Government building, after first ascertaining that it was unguarded, and one of their number, a citizen of the United States, read a proclamation declaring that the existing Government was established in its place. 'To exist until terms of Union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.'

"No audience was present when the proclamation was read, but during the reading forty or fifty men, some of them indifferently armed, entered the room."

"The executive and advisory councils mentioned in the proclamation at once addressed a communication to Mr. Stevens, informing him that the Monarchy had been abrogated and a Provisional Government had been established. This communication concluded: Such Provisional Government has been proclaimed and is now in possession of the Government departmental building, the archives and the Treasury, and is in control of the city. We hereby request that you will, on behalf of the United States of America recognize it as the de facto government of the Hawaiian Islands and afford to it the moral support of your goverment, and, if necessary, the support of American troops to assist in preserving the public peace."

On receipt of this letter Mr. Stevens immediately recognized the new Government, and in a note addressed to Sanford B. Dole, its President, informed him that he had done so.

"The same afternoon the Queen, her ministers, representatives of the Provisional Government and others held a conference at the palace.

"Refusing to recognize the new authority or surrender to it, she was informed that the Provisional Government had the support of the American minister, and, if necessary, would be maintained by the military force of the United States present, that any demonstration on her part would precipitate a conflict with that force, that she would not, with hope of success, engage in war with the United States, and that resistance would result in a useless sacrifice of life.

"Mr. Damon, one of the chief leaders of the movement, and afterward Vice-President of the Provisional Government, informed the Queen that she could surrender under protest, and that her case would be considered later at Washington. Believing that, under the circumstances, submission was her duty, and that her case would be considered fairly by the President of the United States, the Queen yielded, and sent to the Provisional Government the paper which has already been made public."

"At the beginning Mr. Stevens promised the Annexationists that as soon as they obtained possession of the Government Building, and there read a proclamation, he would at once recognize them as a de facto Government, and support them by landing a force from our war ship then in the harbor, and he kept that promise.

"This assurance was the inspiration of the movement.

"Should not the great wrong done to a feeble but independent State by an abuse of the authority of the United States be undone by restoring the legitimate Government? Anything short of that will not, I respectively submit, satisfy the demands of justice.

"Can the United States consistently insist that other Nations shall respect the independence of Hawaii while not respecting it themselves? Our Government was the first to recognize the independence of the island and it should be the last to acquire sovereignty over them by force and fraud.

"W. Q. GRESHAM."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

Henry Villard and family have sailed for Gibraltar. It is said in New York that he never intends to return to this country.

Editor McClure has made still further slight improvement and the indications are somewhat more hopeful, although he is still very ill.

The wedding of Mr. L. G. Stevenson, son of the Vice-President, to Miss Helen L. Davis, will take place in Bloomington, Ill., the home of Miss Davis, November 2..

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, who is in New York, is in better health than he has been for years. Every time he appears on the street he is fairly besieged by warm friends wherever he goes.

Robert J. Kirk, our new consul to Copenhagen, is a native of South Carolina and 34 years of age. He graduated at the college of Charleston in 1881, studied law, and since 1884 has been probate judge of Berkeley county.

Professor Hausknecht, commissioner from the ministry of instruction to the World's Fair at Chicago, and who, accompanied by Geheimrath Bertram, studied the educational system of the United States, has returned to Berlin and will publish the result of his experience.

Empress Eugenie has declared her intention to spend the whole winter at her villa of the Cap, near Mentone, on the Mediterranean shore. The latest European papers state that she was to start soon on her voyage reaching her winter resort earlier than usual.

The large collection of rare postage stamps left to the British Museum by the late Mr. Tappling, member of Parliament, is now being exhibited in installments in the King's Library there. The collection altogether amounts to several hundred thousand examples and is valued at £50,000.

The parents of Chang, the dead Chinese giant, who are still living, are people of only ordinary size, and there was nothing unusual about Chang till he had a brief illness in his boyhood, when the growth set in that gave him commanding eminence as one of the human curios of the time.

AUGUSTA EXPOSITION.

The Splendid Georgia Fair Opened with a Parade and Speeches.

For the third time in the history of Augusta, Ga., have the people of that city been joined by representatives of over half the States of the Union in the formal opening of the Augusta Exposition. On this occasion, however, there is joined with this enterprise the Georgia State Fair, under the management of the Georgia State Agricultural Society.

Fifty thousand people turned out to witness the procession of military, civic bodies and the firemen of the city that paraded the principal streets and wound up at the exposition building, which was packed with a hustling, bustling crowd of good-natured humanityy. In the procession there were Governor Northen, of Georgia, ex-Governor McDaniel and Gen. Clement A. Evans.

In the buildings is the finest agricultural display of Southern products ever seen, fifteen counties of Georgia and South Carolina and the collective exhibit of the State of South Carolina participating.

In the industrial, mechanical and electrical departments nearly all the States and eight nations are represented, while among the attractions are many of the best feature from the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair.

President Patrick Walsh, of the Augusta Exposition Company, delivered the opening address, after prayer by Rev. Lansing Burrows.

Mayor Alexander was the next speaker, and when he concluded introduced Gov. W. J. Northen, of Georgia, who made an eloquent address.

Benediction was asked by Rev. J. T. Plunket, and amid the wildest enthusiasm, awakened by the stirring notes of Dixie from the cornet of Miss Alice Raymond, of Washington, D. C., the Augusta Exposition and Georgia State Fair was formally opened.

WERE BOLD ROBBERS.

In Broad Daylight They Enter a Bank and Secure $914.25.

A daring bank robbery, with an attempt to murder the president of the Bank of Milton, occurred at Milton, Ore. Three men, well mounted, dismounted at the door of the bank.

President A. Hopson, Cashier N. A. Davis and Assistant Cashier William Hopson were in the bank at the time. The first intimation of the coming of the robbers they had was when two shots were fired by the intruders before making any verbal demand. Both shoots took effect in President's Hopson's body, inflicting painful flesh wounds. The revolver was held so close to the head of Cashier Davis that the concussion knocked him down.

They took $944.25. The noise of the shots spread the alarm and within five minutes an armed and mounted posse was in pursuit. A. McCarty is the name of one of the robbers.

Chancellor von Caprivi has invited the financial ministers of the Federal States of Germany to attend the taxation debates in the Reichstag.

FIRE IN MEMPHIS.

The Y. M. C. A. Building a Heap of Ruins.

FOUR MEMBERS PERISH.

Some Jumped and Were Terribly Injured, Three Were Rescued and Others Fell Back Into a Flaming Furnace—The Loss Nearly a Million.

A despatch from Memphis, Tenn., says: Fire broke out ubout 7.15 o'clock P. M. in the Wetter block, on Main street, between Monroe and Union streets, and before the flames were checked, at 9 P. M., several lives were lost and nearly $1,00 ,000 worth of property went up in smoke. The exact number of lives lost is not known, but a careful estima te places it at four, while four or five were injurud, some fatally, in jumping from the burning building.

About 7.15 o'clock people in the vicinity were startled by the report of an explosion and a flash. In an instant the flames were pouring from the lower floor of the six-story building occupied by the Schmalzried Hardware Company. The second, third, fourth and fifth stories were occupied by the Y. M. C. A., and it was in this place that the terrible loss of life occurred.

The fire started from the explosion of a large coal-oil lamp near the stairway, and in three minutes the entire front of the building was in flames and all means of exit cut off.

Secretary Perkins, of the Y. M. C. A., is the only person who can give any definite information as to the exact number of lives lost, and he lies at St. Joseph's Hospital unconscious.

T. H. Bond, a young man, who was in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium when the fire broke out, is missing. He is believed to be among those who perished.

There were about 15 people in the library when the alarm was given. They made a wild rush for the main-street exit only to be driven back by the flames. Like a herd of sheep they rushed in a bunch for the windows at the rear of the building, but the flames had spread so rapidly through the building that the facings of three of the windows were on fire when they reached the rear of the building.

They stood huddled together at the window for a moment or two, when the crowd below yelled "Leap!" "Jump for your lives!" One man took the advice, jumped and was caught on a telegraph wire, but was rescued. He was followed a moment later by a comrade, who aimed for the same wire, but missed it and fell to the pavement below. Two other men made the same attempt, but they two, missed the wire and went down on top of their comrade.

The fire spread to the building occupied by Lemmon & Gale, wholesale dealers in dry goods, and damaged it to the extent of $45,000 before the flames could be extinguished. Lemmon & Gale's stock, which was mostly damaged by water, will prove a total loss. By hard work the firemen prevented the spread of the fire on the south side of the Wetter Building, but the stocks of the neighboring merchants were greatly damaged by water. The loss of life is due to the lack of properly constructed fire-escapes on the building. It is highly probable that the owners of the Wetter Building will be criminally prosecuted.

The buildings damaged and destroyed were all new, having been built a few months ago, in place of those destroyed by the $1,000,000-fire that occurred in February, 1892.

When the fire broke out a panic occurred in the Auditorium, where 6,000 people had assembled to listen to the Rev. Sam Jones, who is conducting a revival. For a time the greatest excitement prevailed and several persons were knocked down and trampled upon in the mad rush. The ushers had presence of mind to throw open the score of exits, and this together with the clarion voices of Rev. Sam Jones and G. P. M. Turner, which could be heard above the din, shouting that the fire was a mile away from the Auditorium, quieted the people to a great extent.

DICASTERS AND CASAULTIES

Thirteen new cases of yellow fever and one death were reported from Brunswick, Georgia.

Another victim of the wreck on the Rock Island Railroad, in Chicago, died, bringing the number of killed up to six.

The Centre street barns of the North Side Cable road, in Chicago, were burned, together with 11 gas motors and 40 cars: loss, $100,000.

Miss Board, of Harrisburg, Illinois, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois, was thrown from a buggy at Benton, by a runaway horse, and fatally injured.

Norfolk, Va., and vicinity was visited by a severe storm. Considerable damage was done by wind, which reached a velocity of 50 miles an house, and about two inches of rain fell.

The Chicago cannon ball train on the Wabash road ran into an open switch at Moberly, Missouri. The engine was overturned. Fireman William Malone was killed and the engineer was badly hurt.

The Lyceum Theatre in Memphis, Tennessee, together with a saloon, a hardware store and Bruce's livery stable, was burned. The loss is placed at $300,0.0. The theatre was owned by the Memphis Amateur Athletic Association and was a combination theatre and club building.

By a rear end collision on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, at Seventy-first street, in Chicago, five persons were killed and 11 were injured. An express train ran into an accommodation during a dense fog. Two coaches and an engine were wrecked.

A passenger train on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad ran into a freight train, 12 miles north of Fostoria, in a dense fog. Andrew Jones, the engineer of the passenger train; C. H. Jones, his fireman, who is his son; Express Messenger William Gresh and Engineer W. S. Kerlin, of the freight train, were killed.

CABLE SPARKS.

The great Manchester (England) ship-canal is finished.

The Lancashire miners have rejected the proposals made by the master's last week.

Herr Meissner, of Berlin, was found dead on the plain near Jaffa, in Palestine. It is supposed he took poison.

The British mission at Milanji, in East Africa, was attacked by natives and an officer and two Sikhs fatally stabbed.

Herr Schroeder, an official of the German foreign office, was accidently killed as he left the Emperor's car at Mansfield, Ger.

The Riffians resumed their attack on Melilla, Morocco, advancing close upon the town and driving the Spaniards within the walls.

Twenty-three were killed by the explosion of a dynimite bomb thrown from the gallery of the Lyceum Opera House in Barcelona, Spain.

A train running from Naples to Rome was derailed near Cassino, Italy, just at the entrance to a bridge. The shock caused the structure to collapse.

Emperor Francis Joseph formally accepted the civic marriage law, which has caused clerical and other opposition in Hungary, to which country the bill applies.

It is stated that another usary and gambling trial is impending in Hanover, Germany in which three of the prisoners condemned in the recent gambling case are concerned.

All registered letters in Russia are to be opened by the postman in the receivers presence, and if found to contain money from abroad 75 per cent. of the money is to be siezed.

Gen. Gourke, governor of Warsaw, has been ill for some time past, it is said from the effects of poison administered to him, is improving daily and expects to soon recover entirely.

Mr. John Morley, speaking at Manchester said the government would resist to the uttermost the veto of the House of Lords and would persevere to meet the Irish demand for home rule.

Late reports indicate that the number of persons killed, wounded and missing by the explosion of contraband dynamite on the steamship Cobo Machicaco at Santander, Spain, will reach a thousand.

BOLD ROBBERS.

Five Men Hold Up a Train and Secure Seven Thousand Dollars.

An Illinois Central train was held up by masked robbers at Mayfield Creek bridge at 1 o'clock in the morning and robbed of a $7,000 express package.

The story told by the conductor is that five robbers boarded the train when it stopped at Bardwell, two of them climbing on the engine and three boarding the end of the baggage and express cars. They ordered the train to be stopped at once. Fireman Butler, colored, became frightened and jumped from the train as it slowed up.

One of the robbers fired at Engineer Richard Clark, but shot wide of his mark. Conductor Charles Shearin and Express Messenger E. B. McNeil made a valiant resistance, but they could accomplish nothing in the face of the loaded guns. Conductor Shearin fired once at the robbers, but hit nobody.

As soon as the train stopped the robbers entered the express car at the point of their pistols, securing $82 in cash and a sealed package containing $7,000. The passengers were neither molested not hit, but many were badly frightened.

Information received at the offices of the American Express Company state that the money secured by the robbers was being carried from New Orleans to Chicago. The express officials say they do not know the name of the consignee. Detectives have been sent from Cairo to assist in the search of the robbers.

After a conference with General Manager Antisdel, of the American Express Company, Vice President Harrison, of the Illinois Central, issued a notice on behalf of the two companies, offering a reward of $1,500 for the arrest and conviction of the robbers who held up the train.

BLEW THE HOUSE UP.

The Home of Evans, the Desperado Destroyed by Dynamite.

The home of Philip Evans, the negro desperado, back of Samuels Station, Ky., was blown up with dynamite.

So little of the house was left that a stranger would never have located it unaided. It is believed that the trouble is entirely over now, but shotgun rule has been established at Samuel Depot and a heavy guard surrounded the house of Edward Hall, the father of the victim of Phil Evans' crime.

The explosion shook the houses for half a mile round. Almost before the neighbors could spring from their beds the stillness of the night was again broken by the discharge of about forty shotguns and pistols and in a few minutes more the remnants of Evans' home went up in a blaze. No one ventured to the scene until daylight, when everything was reduced to cinders.

The better element in the county denounce the action as an outrage and threaten to mob the perpetrators.

The mob failed, however, to take the life of Evan's old mother, his wife and children. Mrs. Evans tells a pitiful tale. She says it is her belief that the mob intended to burn them alive when they blew up the house. They lost all they possessed and find themselves destitute and homeless. The authorities will make a thorough investigation.

KILLED IN HIS CABIN.

The Murderer Paid $5 for the Loan of the Gun.

James White was shot and instantly killed by Charles Thompson, near Winfield, Putnam county, W. Va. White was employed on government lock No. 9, and had boasted of having killed three men. Thompson and White quarreled over a game of cards, and Thompson swore he would kill White on sight, and offered $5 for a gun to carry out his threat. A man got his money by loading an old army musket and giving it to Thompson, who went to White's house, broke in the door, and shot White while he was lying in bed.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned from Various Part of the State

The teachers of Lancaster, Dauphin, Huntingdon and Franklin Counties had interesting and instructive exercises.

James N. Hill was convicted at Pittsburg of murder in the first degree for killing Mrs. Rosa Roetsher.

The Braddock Glass Company was awarded $45,000 damages at Pittsburg for the destruction of its property by sparks from a locomotive.

The National Plate Glass Company, organized a year ago, with a capital of $10,000,000, went to pieces at Pittsburg.

John Clark was suffocated at Shoebarger's blast furnace on Elm Street, Pittsburg. He had a wife and family in Baltimore.

Hiram Selles, an employee of the Reading Railroad, had his hands badly crushed while coupling freight cars at Jenkintown.

Mrs. Harriet Williams, of West Newton, committed suicide by taking poison. She was 50 years old and leaves a family.

Isaac Thomas, Justice of the Peace, West Goshen, seriously injured himself by falling through the funnel of the straw mow in his barn.

Mable Hipple, aged 15 years, daughter of Dr. W. H. Hipple, of Rebecca Street, Allegheny, died from the effects of drinking carbolic acid in mistake for medicine.

Mrs. Annie Kochline and her two daughters, Sue and Fannie, of Easton, were thrown from their carriage by a runaway horse and injured, the last being seriously hurt about the head.

Warren Kenny, who is wanted in Philadelphia for cashing a pay check of a Reading Railroad employee, was arrested at Pottstown after confessing to a newspaper man, who gave him his breakfast.

Charles F. Wilson, recently married, was arrested at Scranton for highway robbery.

While working at his trade as a painter in New Brighton, Sid Robb, of Beaver Falls, a member of the Nonpareil Athletic Club, fell from a scaffold to the ground, a distance of over thirty feet, and sustained injuries which will probably prove fatal. His brother was killed in a similar manner a year ago.

As Frank Glass, a young lawyer of New York city, was driving a vicious horse from Selin's Grove to Freeburg, the animal ran away, throwing Mr. Glass out of the buggy, the fall cutting his head seriously. Dr. P. A. Boyer dressed the wounds and the patient is doing well.

Diphtheria is epidemic at Mahoningtown. Seven new cases have just developed and there are about twenty in the borough. It is probable that the public schools will be closed.

Teachers of Dauphin, Lancaster, Huntingdon and Franklin counties attended the institutes of those counties.

Judge Yerkes granted a continuance in the Fallsington whitecap case.

Governor Pattison pardoned John William Jackson, of Clearfield, who is serving a ten-year sentence in the Western Penitentiary.

The Supreme Court affirmed the action refusing a new trial for Charles Salyards, convicted and sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Policeman George Martin, of Carlisle.

Hunter Mealey, 4 years, was burned to death at Media.

Judge Albright, at Allentown, sentenced John Lynch to five years in the penitentiary for burglary.

William H. Stevens, aged 48 years, a miner, was found hanging by the neck by a piece of bed cord from an oak tree in a clump of woods, about half a mile from his home, in Plymouth. He had been suffering from melancholia for about three weeks and one or two physicians whom his family consulted advised that he be closely watched, fearing that he might do himself bodily injury. He was found by his stepson, and was at once cut down, but the body was cold, indicating that he had been dead for an hour or two.

A large deposit of iron ore has been discovered on the banks of the Hammer Creek in South Lebanon Township. The newly-discovered deposit is about three miles east of the celebrated Cornwall hills and the ore closely resembles that taken from the Cornwall banks. It is said to assay over 50 per cent. of iron and is slightly magnetic.

Burglars entered Field Brothers' steam rolling mill in Wayne Township, Huntingdon county, blew open the safe and secured $700. The robbery was not discovered until the mill was opened and the burglars made good their escape.

Being out of work and refused credit by an Allentown storekeeper a father filled his basket with potatoes and when an officer went to arrest him for theft he found the starving family devouring the raw vegetable.

Luther Jones, of Scranton, fell upon a picket of an iron fence and sustained injuries which caused his death.

The body of William Craeber, of Schuylkill Haven, was found in the Schuylkill River near Cressona. Foul play is suspected.

Charles Neidig, 20 years, a Reading Railroad newsboy, jumped off a train at Reading and died of a broken neck.

Abraham Bartlett, of Trappe, was attacked by highwaymen and was fatally shot.

The commission in charge of the Soldiers' Orphans School decided in favor of Scotland, Franklin County, as the site for the State Industrial School.

SANTANDER'S HORROR.

Property Worth $2,500,000 Destroyed and 200 Lives Lost.

The correspondent of the London Standard at Madrid says that Senor Gamazo has returned there and explained to the Queen Regent the results of his mission to Santander. He says that it will take a long time to repair the great loss to the city and the public buildings.

Senor Gamazo says that the public buildings destroyed include the offices of the Governor, the Collector of Taxes, the Custom House, the Courts of Justice, the Mining Department and the prisons. He says that besides these houses private property valued at $2,500,0.0 was destroyed. Eighty persons are still missing. The latest reports place the number of killed at 200 and of wounded at 400.

TANTALUS—TEXAS.

"If I may trust your love," she cried,
"And you would have me for a bride.
Ride over yonder plain, and b ing
Your flask full from the Mustang spring;
Fly, fast as ever eagle's wing
O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word,
His gallant steed, he lightly spurred;
He turned his face, and rode away
Toward the grave of dying day,
And vanished with its parting ray
On the Llano Estacado.

Night came and found him riding on,
Day came, and still he rode alone;
He spared not spur, he drew not rein
Across that broad, unchanging plain
'Till he the Must ng spring might gain
On the Llano Estacado.

A little rest, a lit le draught
Hot from his hand, and quick'y quaffed;
His flask was filled, and then he turned
Once more his speed the maguay spurned,
Once more the sky above him burned,
On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed!
His brain seemed boiling as he rode;
Was it a dream, a drunken one,
Or was he really riding on?
Was that a skull that gleamed and shone
On the Llano Estacado?

"Brave steed of mine, brave steed!" he cried,
"So often true, so often tri d,
Bear up a little longer yet!"
His mouth was black with blood and sweat,
Heaven! how he longed his lips to wet
On the Llano Estacado!

And still, within his breast, he held
The pre i us flask so lately filled.
Oh, for a drink! But well he knew
If empty it should meet her view,
Her scorn; but still his longing grew
On the Llano Estacado.

His horse went down. He wandered on,
Giddy, blind, beaten and alone.
While on a cushioned couch you lie,
Oh, think how hard it is to d e
Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky,
On the Llano Estacado.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell.
His day had come, he knew full well,
And raising to his lips the flask,
The end, the o ject of his task,
Drank to her, more she could not ask,
Ah! the Llano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio
Beneath the torch ights' wavy glow,
She danced, and never thought of him,
The vic im of a woman's whim,
Lying, with face upturned and grin;
On the L'ano Estacado.

—[Joaquin Miller.

THE TIGER'S BREATH.

BY HENRY W. FRENCH.

"Why do you put me up in a tree, Oomerkahn, while the barra saheb stands on the ground? Do you think me a coward?"

Oomerkahn touched his closed hands solemnly to his dark forehead as he replied, "The bravest man, saheb, is not safe to face the tiger, till he has felt the tiger's breath."

I had heard that proverb before, but never supposed that it really meant any more than my own nursery rhyme about salt on the dickey bird's tail. There was no help for it, however, for Oomerkahn was conducting the hunt, so I accepted his proverb as a polite way of assuring me that in reality he did not consider me a coward, and disposed of myself upon the branch where he directed, mentally resolving to be on the alert till I showed the stately Hindu his mistake, and then gave him a piece of my offended mind.

This was my first experience, and I felt as brave as anyone has a right to under such circumstances. I was a novice in India and my host, the "barra saheb," as he was called about his plantation, had taken me into the hills for an initiation.

No sooner had we arrived at his plantation than there came an appeal from the nearest village that he rid them of a man-eating tiger that had settled in their neighborhood. Oomerkahn was the native superintendent of my host's farm and at once received his orders to organize a hunt.

There were several guests, all well mounted, and early in the morning we rode out to the village. The tiger had been located in a jungle two miles away. He had made an extraordinary raid the night before, taking both a man and a calf before he was satisfied, and there was no doubt about finding him ensconced in his lair, sleeping off the effects.

Oomerkahn arranged us, first in a half-circle, 200 yards from the jungle, while he, at the head of a hundred or more natives, entered the dense grove from the opposite side. They were the beaters, and with sticks and torches and tom-toms and s rong lungs they began the greatest racket possible. They were arranged in a long line and worked their way toward us, intent on frightening the tiger out of the jungle into our semi-circle, where, according to the position in which he appeared, we were to have our turns at shooting.

It was an hour of intense excitement, each hoping the tiger would show himself in his particular division, but the beaters came out without finding him at all. They were thoroughly exhausted and declared that the tiger was not there.

"But I tell you that he is!" exclaimed our host, impatiently. "No tiger ever started on a pilgimage after such a supper as he had last night."

He dismounted, and leaving his horse with a coolie he deliberately entered the jungle on foot. Seeing this, we all followed his example, in spite of a caution from Oomerkahn.

The barra saheb was an experienced tiger hunter, and in half an hour he pointed to a dark spot under some bushes, saying to a coolie, "Throw a stone in there."

The stone disappeared without striking anything.

"There's a hole there at all events," the barra saheb muttered, himself creeping a little nearer and throwing in a larger stone with all his strength.

Suddenly the air began to tremble. There was no distinct sound, but it was like the first breath of a great organ.

"He is there," said the barra saheb, and it was then that Oomerkahn hastily placed his forces, which resulted in my being safely lodged on the limb, with what I considered a doubtful compliment.

Then the order was given to burn him out, and while Oomerkahn and one or two coolies built a fire as close to the mouth of the cave as possible, the barra saheb took a position beside the trunk of a tree directly in front and perhaps ten feet away.

The jungle was so thick that not a ray of sunlight fell anywhere about us. It was like twilight, and the fire lit it up with a frightful, ghostly glare, while on every side sounded the cries of frightened birds and animals.

As soon as the fire was burning well the coolies crept away, while Oomerkahn caught some of the blazing sticks, threw them directly into the mouth of the cave and sprang back. He was none too quick. I saw the barra saheb's rifle leap to his shoulder. His acute ear had caught a change in those deep, rumbling notes to which we were becoming accustomed.

In his haste the Hindu had stumbled and fallen upon his back. The next instant the very ground seemed to shake as the air had trembled before. There was a terrific crash, like a sharp peal of thunder. A huge form burst from the shubbery half concealing the entrance to the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was literally gliding through the air. He swept like a dark cloud over the darting flames and prostrate form of Oomerkahn. His huge fore paws were extended. His eyes were shut. His great jaws, which had so recently crushed the life out of a human being, were stretched wide open. His long, savage teeth gleamed in the firelight as he passed over it.

He was not leaping toward me. He could not by any possibility reach me, yet the sound of that roar and the sight of that huge, tawny body as it swept the flames filled me with such terror as I never felt before. It caught my breath away. My heart stood still. I clutched my rifle, utterly helpless.

No. I was not to be trusted to face a tiger. There was no doubt of that. In blank astonishment I saw the bara saheb standing calmly by the tree. I saw the flash and heard the report of his rifle as the ferocious beast came abreast of him. I saw him lean behind the tree as he fired, and the next next instant, with a wild yell, the tiger struck the ground not five feet from where the barra saheb had stood. For a moment it lay coiled where it fell, a great mass of fur, then gave one fearful contortion and stretched itself to its full length, shuddered and died.

Dven then I trembled from head to foot as I climbed down from the tree, and hardly dared to approach the lifeless mass.

I did my best to be markedly civil to Oomerkahn through the rest of the day, and quietly made up my mind that it would take more than feeling a tiger's breath to make me safe to face a tiger.

It is strange how easy it is to leap from one conclusion to its opposite; but I had an opportunity to discover another mistake a short time afterward.

Mounted on elephants, my friend and I were making a trip into the interior toward my destination. The weather was so hot that we rode early in the morning and just before dark. I was sitting in my howdah, half asleep from the effect of the heat and the peculiar motion of the elephant, when I was suddenly roused by a shrill shriek from the elephant, accompanied by a quick jerk, a sharp ejaculation from the mahoot sitting on his head and a loud cry from my friend, who was riding not far behind. Opening my eyes, the first thing I saw was a tiger in midair, apparently flying directly toward me.

Altogether the situation was thoroughly bewildering, and I confess that from the start my wits forsook me.

Thanks to the sudden lurch of the elephant, which was for that express purpose, the tiger missed his aim, and instead of striking the howdah he hit upon the elephant's haunch, where his gleaming, yellow claws sank into the thick hide. For an instant he hung there without another motion, looking directly up at me.

"He'll begin to climb in a second," my friend shouted, hurrying on behind, while my own elephant moved faster and faster in an effort to dislodge his burden. "Aim for his breast. Shoot steady and sure. Don't miss him for your life."

One who has never faced a tiger will doubtless think it simple cowardice, though I have met many old tiger hunters who have recounted the same experience at the start—yet, had it not been for that warning call from my friend, I positively doubt if I should have once thought of my rifle. As it was, I lifted it mechanically to my shoulder. I did not trouble myself about the aim, for I could not take my eyes from that savage face. I was thoroughly benumbed and bewildered. My hand shook so that more than once my finger slipped from the trigger before I mustered strength enough to pull.

The moment the report sounded the mahoot turned the elephant sharply to one side. That is one of the common regulations of tiger hunting with elephants, when the tiger is lodged, in order to throw him off before he can do any damage in case he is not instantly killed. It was new to me, however, and I was not prepared for it. As the tiger fell to the ground, with a fierce howl, I came within an inch of following him. Fortunately, I landed upon the very edge of the howdah and held on.

The next I knew my friend was shouting again.

"Look out for him!" he cried. "He's only wounded. He'll spring! Load quick and finish him the minute he lands!"

So long as I was not facing the tiger I could move quickly enough. A fresh cartridge was in place in no time; but the elephant had not gone twenty feet when the tiger lunged, tore the earth for an instant, precisely as I have seen a cat attempt to tear a rug, then made two cat-like bounds and another flying leap, landing, in spite of the elephant, within six inches of the mahoot, sitting upon his head.

The native lost his turban and only escaped being trampled upon by dipping down the elephant's trunk. Beyond that, however, the tiger did not pay him the slightest attention. His eyes were fixed on me. He was making for the howdah.

His red and quivering gullet and glistening teeth were already on a level with my feet. I stood there petrified, looking down into that yawning cavern out of which the hoarse breath came in short, harsh gasps.

"Give it to him! Give it to him!" my friend shouted. I heard his words as though they came from a phonograph and had no connection with me. I knew the danger I was in, and that there was no time to lose, but I was absolutely powerless.

The tiger began to crawl toward me.

"Shoot! shoot!" my friend yelled, and I tried to; but though the hammer was already raised and the rifle pointed in the direction of the tiger, I could not even lift it to my shoulder. I could not even pull the trigger where it was.

The tiger took another step. One great paw rested on my boot. I could feel the sharp claws cutting through the leather. I could feel the hot breath on my hands as it came rasping out of that yawning throat. I heard my friend's voice again and realized that he had come up close beside me, but this time I could not distinguish a word he said. I could see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, but that tiger.

The muzzle of the gun was in the creature's way. He caught it in his jaws and gave it a savage jerk. The involuntary action of my muscles in clutching the rifle, to prevent its being torn away, pulled the trigger. The tiger recoiled and with one spasm fell dead upon the ground. The bullet had pierced the roof of his mouth and lodged in his brain, thanks only to himself.—[St. Louis Re.

Titles of the Prince of Wales.

The official titles of the Prince of Wales are numerous. His official style is as follows: The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Sax-Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrow, lord of the isles, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. R., G. C. I. I., G. C. L E., P. C., field marshal in the army, colonel-in-chief First and Second life guards and royal horse guards, colonel Tenth Prince of Wales' own regiment of royal hussars, honorable colonel of several Indian regiments; of the second brigade eastern division royal artillery; of the Third battalion Duke of Corwall's light infantry; of the Third battalion Gordon highlanders; also of the Oxford and of the Cambridge University, Middlesex civil service, Sutherland highlanders and Third Swansea rifle volunteer regiments; honorable admiral in the fleet, personal aid-de-camp to her majesty, honorable captain of the royal naval reserve, elder brother of Trinity House, president of the Society of Arts, president of St. Bartholomew's hospital, trustee of the British Museum, grand master of the united grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, student of Jena, field marshal in the German army, colonel of the Fifth Pomeranian hussars, colonel of the Danish hussars of the guard, etc., etc., etc. —[Chicago Herald.

Oil-Soaked Carcasses.

Health Officer Keeney has made a new rule as to the treatment of carcasses of calves and other animals, which have been seized by the market inspectors as unfit for human consumption. The object of the regulation is to prevent any possibility of such carcasses being taken out of the hands of the city's representatives, after the first seizure has been made, and disposed of for food purposes. To this end the market inspectors will hereafter saturate such carcasses with kerosene before allowing them to go out of their possession. They will then be turned over, as heretofore, to Alpers to be used for fertilizing purposes, and if any one contrives to steal them from Alpers before they can be so used he will scarsely be able to profit by his enterprise.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Katchin Ante-Funeral Ceremonies.

I was never present at a complete funeral ceremony, but once took a modest part in the saturnalia held while the corpse is still above ground. There is nothing very remarkable about it, the main idea being to make as much noise as possible, to frighten away ghouls and evilly disposed nats, and at the same time hint to the newly liberated spirit that his late residence is no place for a serious-minded ghost. With this end in view the whole proceeds to get uproariously drunk on rice spirit, and, assembling in the dead man's house, shouts, beats, drums and cymbals, dances and slashes the air with dahs, until, unable to drink, dance, beat and slash any more, it falls into a drunken stupor, the silence of which is only broken throughout the night by the mournful wails of a widow or daughter.—[Scribner's Magazine.

Killing a Horse by Throwing Him.

There is a certain way that experienced stockmen know of throwing a horse down so as to break his neck and kill him at once. An ordinary halter is put on the horse, the lead-strap from it passed between the horse's front legs, a turn being taken around the far one near the fetlock. The executioner then hits the horse a sharp cut with a whip, and when he jumps up pulls sharply and strongly on the halter strap. The horse strikes head first with the entire weight on his neck. The fall is invariably fatal.

Cheap Substitute for Putty.

A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is made by soaking newspapers in a paste made by boiling a pound of flour in three quarts of water and adding a teaspoonful of alum. The mixture should be of about the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier mache and when dry may be painted or stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost inperceptible.—[New York Telegram.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

To a Song Bird—The Age of the Precocious—An Important Drawback, etc., etc.

TO A SONG BIRD.

Oh, song bird, madly caroling
Your careless life away,
How good it is to hear you sing
Your song from day to day.

Yet, though they bring us happiness,
Those melodies so sweet,
We'd like you better, we confess,
If you were good to eat.

—[Detroit Free Press.

THE AGE OF THE PRECOCIOUS.

Mrs. Jhones—Ethel, you might tell me who the young man is that called last evening.

Ethel (just 17)—Certainly, mamma, if you're curious about it; that's the young man I'm e gaged to.

AN IMPORTANT DRAWBACK.

Mrs. Parvenu.—Do you enjoy opera?

Mrs. Nurich (who has a box by the season)—Very much; if it weren't for the horrid playing and singing they keep up on the stage.—[Chicago Record.

PRACTICAL LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Little Ethel—It's awful impolite to ask for things.

Little Johnny—Course it is. What of it?

Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm gettin' hungry for some candy I've got in my pocket, and there isn't enough for two. —[Good News.

A FATAL OBJECTION.

Aunt—My child, you can never marry Charlie Hunker.

Niece—Oh, aunt! surely you do not mean that he is dissipated?

Aunt—No; but his fortune is.—[Judge.

A DILEMMA.

Magistrate—You are accused of not supporting your wife.

Prisoner—But, your honor, you don't know my wife. She is insupportable.—[Truth.

A HUBBUB.

"How noisy that child is!"

"He can't help it. He's from Boston."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He's a Hub-bub."—[Truth.

A REBUKE.

"I hope," she said severely, "that you have not been drinkin'."

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I leave yer door fur ever. However onfriendly an' oncharitable yer feelin' toward a feller bein' may be, it's ongenerous an' cruel to remind him of his misfortunes!"—[Washington Star.

THE ONLY TEST.

Hardupp—I tried to sell those diamonds I bought of you, and was told they were not genuine.

Jeweler—Did you sell them?

Hardupp—Yes, for almost nothing.

Jeweler—Well, you go back and try to buy them, and you will find out that they are genuine.—[New York Weekly.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know?"—[Indianapolis Journal.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

Miss Winslow—I'm very glad you called, Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker—Oh, thanks, awfully.

Miss Winslow (more enthusiastically) —Yes, I am so delighted to have seen that beautiful dog of yours.—[Truth.

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

There were two colored wagons at the football game. One of them had a grocer's sign plainly lettered on its side, but the nature of the other was not so easily determined.

"Get out o' me way," said the driver of the grocery wagon. "You ought to be off to yer work, anyhow."

"Get ought yerself," was the reply; "I reckon I've got a heap more business here than you have."

"Well, I guess not. I'm a-drivin' a grocery wagon, I am, and I'm a-waitin' ter get one of the players' order for dinner."

"Grocery wagon! Well, pardner, for a football game you ain't in it. This wagon that I'm a-drivin' is a ambulance."

AN ADORNMENT.

Hoppers (in the ball-room)—What in thunder is that paper Mrs. Richey's got pinned on her dress?

Mopps—Well, you see Mrs. Richey's diamonds are so valuable thats he doesn't dare wear them in society, and so she wears that paper. It's an affidavit that she does have 'em.—[Chicago Record.

PROSPECTIVE WEALTH.

"Say, Johnny," said an urchin, "I've got a scheme."

"What is it?" said another.

"See dat feller puttin' in coal over there?"

"Yes."

"Go over an' call him names. Maybe he'll t'row a piece at yer."—[Washington Star.

TOO NICE TO LAST.

Peddler—Is the lady of the house in?

Mr. Newlywed—Yes; but there isn't a thing in the wide world we want.

Peddler—All right, sir, I'll call again when the honeymoon is over.—[Truth.

A NECESSARY TRAINING.

"What is the matter with Dickie Van Wibbles?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"I saw him in the gymnasium just now going through the most horrible facial contortions. But when I spoke to him he appeared to recover instantly."

"Oh, that's all right. Dickie was taking his exercise."

"I don't quite understand you."

"He is developing his facial muscles so as to get a good grip on his monocle." —[Washington Star.

XENOPHON SIZED UP.

Professor—To what did Xenophon owe his reputation?

Student—Principally to the fact that his name commenced with an X and came in so handy for the headlines in alphabetical copy books.—Puck.

A FATAL ERROR.

Borrowes—Nelly, hand me my umbrella, will you? It has commenced to rain.

Mrs. B—I lent your umbrella to Mr. Sweetfern last night.

Borrowes—What did you do that for? Didn't you know it was his?—[Puck.

IT REMINDED HER.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it.

"Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he could not forbear asking of the young woman he was calling on.

"It does remind me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she.

"And what poem is that?"

"'When the frost is on the pumpkin.'"

And his hair went on whitening at a more rapid rate than ever.—[Indianapolis Journal.

CLEVER AT MATHEMATICS.

Mamma—Robbie, how many time have I told you that you cannot have two pieces of pie?

Robbie—I don't know, unless you can tell me how often we've had pie.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ONLY A WOMAN COULD SAY SO.

Miss Muggy—I wonder if George knows I have money.

Friend—Has he proposed?

"He has."

"He knows."—[New York Weekly.

DAYS OF CHIVALRY GONE.

Wife (drearily)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past.

Husband—What's the matter now?

"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor dear mother sat down on your hat."—[New York Weekly.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

"I gave Robbins a cigar out of this box a few days ago."

"Has he got even with you yet?"—[Truth.

LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"I wonder how Europeans come to persist in that idea that bands of savages frequent New York," asked the athletic young man.

"Possibly," replied his sister, "because some of the visitors to this country have heard a football team giving the college yell."—[Washington Star.

A SINECURE.

First Female—What business are you engaged in?

Second Female—I am a book agent.

F. F.—What have you to do?

S. F.—Nothing but talk.

F. F.—How delightful! —[Boston Courier.

A PROVOKING GIRL.

Jack—Honestly, now, what's the reason you don't like Miss Flyrte?

Cholly—Well, dear boy, the real truth is I don't like her because she keeps laughing at me all the time unless I try to make a joke, and when I do she never even smiles.—[Somerville Journal.

OF THE CANALS.

A tow path mule while practising
His merry little pranks,
Exclaimed: "I'm getting ready for
A run upon the banks."

—[Washington Star.

Gold at the Center of the Earth.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the center of the earth is a globe of gold, iridium and platinum? These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact center (that is, provided there is not some heavier metal at present unknown to man occupying that place), the platinum next and the globe of gold surrounding the other two. "But," you say, "what proof have we that your proposition is a tenable hypothesis?" In answer I would say two proofs at least, and perhaps more: First, the three metals mentioned are the heaviest known substances, compared bulk for bulk; this being the case they would be naturally attracted to the center of our planet. "In the beginning," as Moses would say, the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual condensation the metals settled to the center; iridium first (with the proviso above mentioned), platinum next, gold last. Ages ago, when the crust of the earth was thin, very thin, all the gold now known was vomited out in volcanic eruptions. The last mentioned fact is the second reason for believing that our globe has a golden center core woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum. A third reason for believing that there is gold at the center is this: The earth, as a whole, weighs five times as much as a globe of water the same bulk, while the rocks forming the same outer crust are less than three times as heavy as water. —[St. Louis Republic.

Device of a Story Writer.

Ponson du Terrial, a French story writer for newspapers, invented a singular device in order to prevent confusion in his numerous plots. His practice was to dress up small wooden dolls to represent the several characters in his stories, and to place each set of figures in position on its own stage. Whenever a new installment of the romance was called for, he would thus see at a glance how and where he had left the children of his brain when he last wrote of them. But even this ingenious scheme was not without its disadvantages, for it is related that he once killed off one of his heroes, without removing from the board the doll that represented the character, and, consequently, the young man reappeared in the story, much to the astonishment of the readers who had so recently mourned his loss.—[New York News.

A PIE FACTORY.

NOT A COMMON BAKERY BUT A BIG PIE MILL.

Ovens That Will Hold Four Hundred Pies at a Time—Ten Tons of Mince Meat in One Day.

There is a genuine pie factory down in Sullivan street. It stands amid the old tumbledown houses, sending out delicious odors to tickle the palate of the Sullivan street small boy. At three in the morning the work begins and at three p. m. the work is over and half the pies made that day are eaten.

Upstairs in a long, low ceiled room sat a man, half hidden behind piles and piles of golden pumpkins. They were heaped in every direction, all fat and fair and yellow, ready to be cut into pumpkin pies. What visions of ghostly Puritan dinners, with every man armed to the teeth, prim, quiet children with buckled shoes and serious faces, maids with white fichus and Quaker bonnets, and a guard at the door on the lookout for Indians, those pumpkins could conjure! In France the pumpkin is made into vulgar soup, In Germany it is preserved and in Italy it is eaten raw as a medicine, but only in this great and glorious land of liberty, nervous prostration, dyspepsia and indigestion is the golden fruit made into pies!

At this season of the year there is a perfect epidemic pumpkin pie appetite, and that slave of the pumpkin sits on the top floor in the Sullivan street pie factory and does nothing but cut pumpkins all day long to supply the demand.

In another room the manufacture of mince meat is carried on by machinery, while in another room the meat is prepared. Apples, pears, peaches, etc., are peeled by a little machine. After being cored by hand, an apple or pear is placed on a little upright spike attached to which is a revolving steel wire supplied with a small square scraper. The machine is set in motion by hand, and the scraper whirls around and around the apple, at each revolution shaving off neatly a piece of the skin. Then the fruit is cut into small pieces and is sent to be mixed with spice. It takes an expert to know just how much to mix in the fruit.

Downstairs the pies are made, and the way these men "conquer the upper crust" would make a young housewife give up housekeeping to morrow. There is no use in trying if you can't make pies like your husband's mother did. Now, you never can; it cannot be acquired by industry, energy or persistence. The secret of making upper crust is a gift from the gods, and any one who can do it is a genius.

It is worked and watched and flattened and handled as gently as a baby; if the butter works through, you know the fate of that crust, and it tries to work through the professional pie baker's crust just as hard as any one else's. But it does not succeed. Voila tout!

The men all stand at a long table, and the dough, already mixed with lard, is brought to them in large buckets, holding about thirty pounds. A lump is then put on the table, rolled out, cut in small squares and laid on tin plates. These plates are then handed to a man who stands ready, knife in hand, to shave off the ends of the dough which hangs over the outside of the plates.

The plates are then placed in a wooden tray and taken to the fruit counter to receive their "insides." The men at the fruit counter hold a large wooden spoon in their hands and as the tray comes along before them they supply each pan liberally with fruit or sauce, as the case may be. The plates are then replaced on the tray and carried to another table, where they receive the fine, flaky crust par excellence, the upper one. It almost seems a shame to desecrate these upper crusts of pie society by grotesque A's for apple, B's for berry, P's for pumpkin, etc. Then they are sent to be baked.

There are half a score of ovens in the factory, each of which will hold 400 four-cent pies or 126 fourteen-cent pies. It requires two men to run an oven. One man stands at the door of the oven and directs his partner where to place his pastry treasures. The man who places the pies in the oven is assisted in doing so by a large shovel—a flat affair, fifteen or twenty feet long. The pies are put on the shovel in couples, and are thus put in sociably to bake. In just twenty minutes they are finished, hot, juicy and brown, and packed in the cases to be put in the wagons. The sending out of pies begins at 4:30 a. m., and all the wagons are back by noon, as no one buys pies after that.

There are twelve wagons, twelve sleek, fat, gayly comparisoned horses and twelve charioteers all for driving pies so that they may arrive at their various destinations in style, as befits good pies. Every year the "Social Twelve," as the drivers call themselves, give a ball, and then one has a chance to judge whether the making of pies has anything to do with worshiping terpsichore. The president of the factory, Mr. William Thompson, says there must be an affinity between the two.

The popular taste for pies is fickle but constant, and to be depended upon in its very fickleness. There is one steady standby. That is apple pie the year through. In September, October and November, the ripened fulness of the the year, the public taste longs for pumpkin, and there is also a pretty good run on peach. In December, January and February mince pie comes to the front. Just about the holidays it is more in demand even than apple. For instance, on the day before Christmas last year ten tons of mince meat was used for pies. In March, April and May people want custard and rhubarb, which comes next to apple in demand. In June, July and August whortleberry, blackberry and strawberry pies are largely consumed, and strawberry shortcake, which is also made at the pie factory, is in demand. From this one pie foundry the average sales per day require the following items: Twenty barrels of flour, 1,200 quarts of milk, 8,000 eggs, 3,000 pounds of lard, 12 barrels (or about 4,000 pounds) of sugar, besides all the fruit. There is more fruit used in comparison than anything else, and no less than twenty barrels of apples are used every day.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. NOV. 23

THE RACKET

No. 9 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

o—o

Wisdom is an open book to those who will profit by past experience.

Just In An entire new line of Ladies' Coats and Wraps Lastest ideas from the best New York manufacturer.

Exclusive Styles :-:
:-: Lowest Prices.

o—o

SIDE BAND SUITINGS

The latest novelty for Ladies' Suits. Stylish. No where else in town.

o——o

— Hop Sacking at Racket Prices. —

o—o

Silks! - Silks! - Silks!

KOM AND C.

o—o

G. R. SPIGELMEYER,
SHEM SPIGELMEYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa

PERSONAL.

——Rev. W. E. Fischer, of Shamokin, arrived in Centre Hall Tuesday morning.

——Squire M. L. Rishell, of Farmers Mills, was a prominent visitor in town on Saturday.

——George Wells has moved from Pleasant Gap to Spring Mills. He formerly lived in Centre Hall.

——Mrs. J. D. Murray went to Huntingdon to attend the funeral of her brother the late George Hoffer.

——Farmer John Shafer, of near Madisonburg, was a pleasant caller, and is an old and esteemed friend.

——Mr. J. P. Heckman, one of Farmers Mills most respected citizens favored our sanctum with a call last week.

——Cyrus Brungard, Millheim's notable citizen, was in Centre Hall Monday circulating among his many friends.

——William H. Stiver, veteran of the late war, and one of Potters Mills most esteemed citizens, favors us with an occasional call.

——Mrs. Shelley, of Landisville, Pa. arrived Monday on a visit to the family of D. J. Meyer, and other friends in this and Brush valley.

——Mr. William Kerr, of Centre Hill, one of Potter townships' most intelligent farmers was a pleasant caller at the REPORTER office last Friday.

——Joel Dubbs, of Sharen, Pa., a native of this place, is here on a visit; it is thirteen years since he was here last and he observes many changes here in that period.

——Dan Reynolds was home over Sunday. He is holding a job in the axe factory at Reedsville, and is agent for Mifflin county for the Bonanza fanning mill and grain separator.

——Messrs. R. D. Musser and Titus Gramley, two of Spring Mills foremost citizens, were in town Saturday afternoon and were around shaking hands with their many friends.

——Mr. William Rachau, who removed from Brush Valley some years ago to Abilene Kansas, will come east again and take up his residence at his former home at Madisonburg.

——Mr. Henry Rossman, of Tusseyville, was in Centre Hall Tuesday, and before leaving paid a visit to the REPORTER office. Mr. Rossman reports everything favorable in his part of the valley.

——Ward C. Weiser, of Millheim, Centre county, who is suffering with a nervous trouble, has made application for admission to the hospital at Altoona and treatment, and will likely be taken in this week.

——Mr. George Meiss, one of Tusseyville's busy men, gave us a call, and put his label out to '95. He informs us of the illness of his father, Jacob Meiss, who has not been able to leave the house for over a month, and in consequence missed the first election since he became of age.

——Mr. Joseph Gilliland, of New Bloomfield, is on a visit to friends in the community. He called at the REPORTER office on Tuesday, and the climate of Perry county seems to have changed him little. He is looking well and his friends will be pleased to see him again. The milling business at New Bloomfield is occupying his time at present.

Snow No. 3.

Tuesday afternoon the 3rd snow for this season, set in, and by bedtime it was 3 inches in depth. This makes a total of 4½ inches of snow up to date. Next day was bright and milder but slush was under foot.

GEORGE HOFFER.

Death Of A Former Citizen And Native Of This Place.

Mr. George Hoffer died at Huntingdon, on Wednesday of last week, after a short illness.

Mr. Hoffer was well-known in this section, having been born in Potter township, and resided here until his removal to Huntingdon, some ten years ago. He was engaged in farming, his place adjoining this town. He was a brother of John and Peter Hoffer and of Mrs. J. D. Murray.

He was a much respected citizen, and hailed from one of the oldest and most influential families in our valley. He was of a kind disposition and always ready to do an act of kindness.

During his residence at Huntingdon he kept a temperance hotel and was highly esteemed in that community. He was a devoted member of the Reformed church.

He leaves a widow and nine children, as follows: Mrs. A. C. Mingle, of Bellefonte; John, a farmer in Wyoming; Christian, a dairyman, in Altoona; Philip, a saddler in Georgia; Olie, a merchant tailor in Philadelphia, William, associate editor of the Mansfield (Ohio) *Shield*; Miss Emma, residing in Philadelphia; Misses Fannie and Ella, at home. A married daughter died at Osceola about a year ago. Mr. Hoffers age was 69 years. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Apoplexy Causes The Death Of An Estimable Lady.

The home of Mr. John Shires at Potters Mills, was the scene of a sad and sudden death last Thursday, in which Mrs. Agnes Shirk, a daughter of Mr. Shires, was suddenly stricken down with a stroke of apoplexy and death resulted a short time after.

Mrs. Shirk was a lady aged about fifty-four years and had been taking care of her father's household for several years, making her home with him. She was a worthy lady and was the wife of Joseph Shirk. She was the mother of six daughters, all of whom survive her, three being married.

The funeral which took place on Sunday forenoon, was largely attended, interment being made in the cemetery at Sprucetown, Rev. Minnich of the Methodist church officiating.

The Coming Winter.

A weather prognosticator has issued his proclamation in regard to the coming winter, which he says will be a terror with deep snows and cold weather. He says the meadow moles are burrowing deeper this year than for the last thirty years. The "melt" of the hogs is whiter than common, which means much snow and ice. The hair on the horses' fetlocks is longer and thicker than common. The squirrels are laying up bigger stores of food than usual; corn husks are remarkably thick, as are the onion skins. There is more moss on the hickory saplings and spruce trees, which is a sure sign. The goose bone says the same thing, and the pin featners on chickens are more numerous than for many years.

A Test Case.

A Lancaster county constable has brought suit against that county to recover $237,90 for services rendered. He was compelled under the Brooks high license law to visit all the hotels in his bailiwick, and for this he claims mileage and compensation, and, as the point has never been raised, this suit will be a test case of great interest. If the county is liable there will be many other such suits entered.

His First Car Ride.

Jacob F. Kern, son Harry and Henry Hasel, all of Madisonburg, were in Bellefonte Wednesday, says the *Gazette*. They came by railroad from Coburn. Mr. Hasel is exactly seventy-five years old and this was his first car ride. He says he greatly enjoyed the trip. His health is exceptionably good for a man of his age, and many a pair of boots and shoes has he made and mended in his lifetime.

Another Jail Bird Captured.

Last Thursday afternoon Andy Tims one of the prisoners who recently escaped from the jail, was brought to Bellefonte, and put back behind the bars again. He was captured somewhere in Clearfield county and a reward of $25 was offered for his return, by the commissioners.

Postmasters Appointed.

The postoffice department has made the following appointments of postmasters in Centre County: Lemont, J. J. Williams; Linden Hall, Mrs. T. F. Keller. The Linden Hall office was vacant owing to the death of Will Keller, and his wife has been appointed.

Meeting of Grand Lodge.

Altoona is now making preparations for the meeting of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows which meets in that city in May next. It is expected that 1,200 representatives will be in attendance.

——Piles of fall and winter goods at Lewins, Bellefonte. All latest styles and lowest prices to be had anywhere. Go and see before all gone.

SERIOUS INJURIES.

Jacob Ripka Falls From A Roof And Lands On His Head.

Tuesday morning Jacob Ripka, the carpenter, was engaged in shingleing a shed roof for Ed. Stump, on the farm a short distance east of Centre Hall, when by a misstep or accident, he fell from the roof to the ground. He landed upon his head on the frozen ground, causing a ragged and ugly wound, tearing the scalp from the skull bone to the extent of four or five inches—the scalp hanging down over the eyes. In some places the periosteum is detached from the skull bone, making a very painful wound. He was taken into Mr. Stump's home and Dr. Jacobs summoned who dressed the wound and put in a number of stitches.

STILL FOR CENTRE.

Furnishing Judicial Timber For A Neighboring County.

The two Centre county farmer boys, David L. Krebs and Cyrus Gordon, seem to have leased the judicial bench of Clearfield county for twenty years, says the Clearfield *Republican*. The former became president judge in 1883, and leaves the field, as farmers would say, on the first of January next, when the latter will take his seat on the bench for ten years more. This looks like a discrimination against the Clearfield wing of the legal profession, but then when we come to reflect over the historical facts in the case, Centre county is the mother of most people residing on both sides of the Moshannon creek. "Mother Centre" (we have often written it in the past thirty-three years) is prolific in furnishing her neighbor with judges, and if the last elect, Mr. Gordon, deports himself as well as his predecessors the public will not complain very much.

An Unusual Coincidence.

A dispatch to the Altoona *Tribune* from Huntingdon says, Mr. George Hoffer's sudden death here on Thursday marks a peculiar and unusual coincidence. Until recently he conducted the Girard house, on Allegheny street. After him Dorsey Silknitter had charge of the same place, and George Conrad at the same time was proprietor of the Jackson house, an adjoining structure. Recently Mr. Silknitter died and his friend Conrad soon followed him to the grave. On Thursday Mr. Hoffer joined his old companions. In each case death was sudden and came with but a moment's warning. The men were all upwards of 70 years of age.

Deaths in Miles Twp.

Martin Brungart, of whose illness we made mention in our last issue, has gone to his long home, aged 78 years. He belonged to one of the pioneer families of Brushvalley; the connection is a large one and the name of Brungart has always stood for honesty and integrity.

Another death, last week, was that of a young man, son of merchant Emerick, at Wolf's Store. He was a professor of penmansnip and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

A School Census.

Prof. Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction in his first annual report, will recommend a school census as a means of securing a better attendance in the various districts of Pennsylvania. His purpose is to ascertain the number of children of proper age who do not attend school. During the present year he proposes to visit States and Territories having a school census system to post himself as to the most feasible plan. In his report to the Legislature of 1895 he will lay down a plan for the taking of this census, and ask for a law to put it in operation.

He Only Changed The Address.

A man dropped into a newspaper office in this state one day recently, and informed the bookkeeper to stop the paper which was being sent to a man, who, he said, was dead. The bookkeeper looked up the name and finding that the dead subscriber was in arrears three years, changed the postoffice on the mailing list to H——l, and sent the paper right along.

Will Get a Gold Watch.

A committee of the Grand Army of the Republic will visit General John P. Taylor at Reedsville on Thursday and present him with a gold watch, as a testimonial of the Grand Army of the Republic of Pennsylvania to a retiring commander.

Winter Here.

Winter seems to have set in, judging by the cold atmosphere last week and this week; the thermometer stood below freezing each day, the ground being frozen to a depth of one and two inches. We never had a pleasanter fall, but it seems to have ended.

Looks Much Better.

The appearance of Bartges' hotel since it has been repainted has been greatly improved, and is presentable.

——Lewins, Bellefonte, take the lead in suits for men and boys. Nothing quite so stylish or better made. Call and be convinced.

A ROBBERS' CAVE.

Sixty-Two Thousand Dollars Reported Hid In a Cave.

A report was in circulation on Monday that the hiding place where Lewis and Connelly concealed their money had been discovered in a cave at the head of Six-mile run, but that the air in the cave was so foul that it prevented search.

Lewis and Connelly were famous, or infamous, highwaymen who ravaged this country from Lewistown to Clarion in the early part of the century and were supposed to have enormous wealth concealed somewhere. One of the robbers was shot and killed at Sinnamahoning while holding up a stage coach. The other died in prison at Lock Haven. Ever since they were wiped out people have hunted diligently all over the Alleghenies for the place where they hid their ill-gotten gains. The last story is that before Lewis died he revealed to a friend the hiding place, which he designated as being in a cave at the head of Six-mile run. He told his friend to find the place, get the money ($62,000) and divide it with Lewis' sister. His friend searched diligently, but could not find the cave. When he died he revealed the secret to Lewis' sister, who never told it until just before she died, which was lately at Lock Haven. She told the story to a Lock Haven man, who, with a friend, came to Philipsburg and went to look for a cave, but being unacquainted with the locality they could not find it, and had to tell the story to some one else, and so it got out.

About twenty fellows, so we are told, went out on Monday and located what they believed to be the place. It is a cave in a rocky fastness known as the Wolf Rocks.

The cave is well known to hunters, but has never been explored fully on account of foul air. If you believe that Lewis' and Connelly's treasure is buried in its gloomy depths you had better go and help find it.—Philipsburg *Ledger*.

Lewis and Connelly committed depredations in Centre county, and the older readers of the REPORTER are familiar with some of their doings.

About Turkeys—Wild and Tame.

Friday of last week Ben Arney shot a 16 pound wild turkey at the edge of the mountain, half mile below town. He saw the bird high in the air in its flight across the valley from Egg hill to this side, and watching where it lit he hastened home for his gun and was fortunate enough to find it and kill it.

In Logan's Gap, about 4 miles east of this place, a party going thro there came across a flock of about 20 wild turkeys, one day last week; fortunately for the birds none of the men had a gun.

Wild turkeys never were so plenty in our county as this year.

Tame turkeys are so plenty this year with our farmers that we are informed they only bring 6 cents per pound, undressed. Thanksgiving being close at hand, we trust all our readers will be able to have a good, big gobuler for dinner, and if some one pays up arrears on the Reporter we will try and have a thanksgiving roast too.

A Fatal Accident.

Another terrible and fatal accident by burning occurred in Williamsport on Tuesday night. Mrs. George S. Lenhart, wife of the well-known editor and politician, being the victim. Mrs. Lenhart was sitting at a table beside a lamp, and on arising her sleeve caught the lamp causing it to overturn. An explosion followed, and in an instant the lady was in flames. She is still alive, but cannot survive.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted the past week:

Calvin Lose ann Renah Johnson, of Spring township.

John F. Thompson, of Bellefonte, and Hannah E. Woomer, of Clinton township.

John D. Shuey, of Buffalo Run, and Amelia Baker, of Benore.

Geo. F. Thomas, of Pittsburg, and Marie L. Comerford, of Howard.

An Effective Result.

Harvey Wilson, a young farmer in Huntingdon county, had a fine flock of sheep which was attacked by a drove of hounds one day recently, and Mr. Wilson, hearing of the raid on his flock, seized his rifle and marched to conflict, and when the war ended the killed were three sheep by the hounds and seven dogs by the rifle of Mr. Wilson.

World's Fair Business.

The Pennsylvania railroad carried to the World's Fair from May 1, to the close, 1,766,000 passengers, while the Baltimore and Ohio carried 581,000. The Reading's figures have not yet been given out.

Captured At Kane.

Charles Johnson, one of the men who recently escaped from the Centre county jail was captured at Kane, Pa., by Sheriff Ishler, who was notified that Johnson was at that place.

——Wanted—2000 pounds poultry at C. P. Long & Co. Pay highest market price for same.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IT WENT OFF.

A Tyrone Revolver "goes off" and Sends a Ball into a Boy's Head.

On last Sunday night between 8 and 9 o'clock, while Mrs. George Dean was at church, Eddie, a young son about 9 years of age, found a revolver in one of the bureau drawers up stairs and pointing it playfully at Charles, an elder brother, said, "I will shoot you," and pulled the trigger. The ball went crashing through the young man's forehead just a short distance above the eye and with a groan he fell heavily to the floor. These two were the only ones up stairs at the time, and the one who did the shooting frightened at what had occurred, became paralyzed with fear, was unable to do anything but scream, which brought the other inmates of the household hastily to the room where the accident took place. Kind neighbors were soon at the side of the injured lad and physicians were sent for who upon examination believed the wound would prove fatal.

Sale of Coal Lands.

Philadelphia capitalists own the bulk of the coal lands in Centre and adjoining counties, and are having their eyes set for more. Some of these capitalists are said to have closed a deal the other day which will give them control for all mining purposes, if not the actual ownership of the territory, of more than 10,000 acres of land, located principally in the Houtzdale region.

We might as well inform these capitalists that there is a chance to do some more investing, in a new field near our own town; there is a strong smell and plain signs of coal, that there is a warrant for investing. No doubt they have invested in hundreds of acres on which there is not one third as good a prospect for coal as there is on the John Emerick farm. Come this way with your capital.

Warning To Farmers.

If any farmer in this section has procured samples of grain from the World's Fair agricultural building, he will do well to burn it forthwith. It is stated that the discovery has been made that the whole exhibit has been attacked by the weevil, a pest whose larva is a worm that burrows in the kernel of the grain, and has done enormous damage to the crops in Southern Russia and in India, whence, doubtless, it was brought to the World's Fair.

It is stated that thousands of samples of grain have been carried away from the agricultural building, and there is presumably scarcely a corner of the United States where the pest has not been carried.

Removed To Milroy.

The Tyrone *Herald* says W. R. Camp and family removed Friday from Tyrone to Milroy where they will make their future home. Mr. Camp has been edgaged in the undertaking busines in Tyrone for the past two years. He goes to Milroy now to engage in the same business as successor to his father. He disposed of his business in Tyrone to Burley & Graham.

Burned To Death.

The four-year old daughter of Alfred Stewart, colored, of Bellefonte, was so badly burned Friday morning that death ensued a few hours later. While the mother was absent in another part of the house the little girl went to the stove and began playing with the fire. Her clothing caught fire and on her mother's return she was a mass of flames.

Union County Deaths.

In Hartleton, on the 13th of of Nov. Helen C., wife of Robert V. Glover, Esq., in her 67th year.

In Lewisburg, on the 3rd of November, David Ginter, aged nearly 85 years.

In White Deer township, on the 29, October, Samuel Koch, aged 61 years.

A Stove Company.

Among the new industries which are down for Bellefonte is a company with a capital of $10,000 to manufacture stoves. The company is being organized and a considerable portion of the stock has already been taken.

New Landlord.

The Mountain House, at Snowshoe, has changed hands, Mrs. Nolan retiring and Mr. E. J. Swavely becoming the proprietor.

Dropped Dead.

Josiah Clark, aged 65 years, of Flemington, Clinton county, dropped dead in his garden, about noon Friday, while engaged in cutting down a tree.

——REPORTER only $1.50 per year

Short but Interesting Notes.

The death of Judge Orvis confines the well-known law firm of Orvis, Bower & Orvis, to the junior partners, C. M. Bower and E. L. Orvis, under the original firm name, the present firm having managed all the home practice of the office. The rumor that J. C. Meyer, esq., had become a member of the firm proved unfounded.

Centre Hall has no pauper and needs no poor tax. Fortunate town.

Millheim has not yet got out of its post-office squabble, and gets along with the old post master in possession yet, who don't fret a bit over it.

There is not likely to be any change in the Old Fort hotel since the death of Mr. Odenkirk, as the family will continue to occupy it with Fr. Bradford as principal.

We are in hopes that none of our patrons will fail to square up arrears on subscription before the close of '93.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

Clothing for Everybody.

Clothing for everybody—Mens, Youths, Boys and Children. Prices—the lowest. Overcoats from the smallest child to the largest man. Suits from the little Tot to the Fattest man.

Head Gear for all kinds of people.

We are in the business for the peopeople.

MONTGOMERY & Co,
Bellefonte, Pa.

——*Notice.*—Have you followed the crowd to the new store on the hill.—C. P. Long & Co., Spring Mills, Pa.

——35,000 pounds of salt received will sell cheap for cash November 24, 25, and 27.—C. P. Long & Co., Spring Mills.

——Have you seen C. P. Long & Co's $1.37 Boys Suits and Boys overcoats for $1.62?

GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat	58
Rye	58
Corn	46
Oats new	28
Barley	40
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	20
Eggs	18
Lard	12
Shoulders	12
Ham	14
Tallow	4
Potatoes	50
Sides	10

Garmans.

Hop Sacking, Garmans.
Hop Sacking, Garmans.
Hop Sacking, Garmans.
Hop Sacking, Garmans.

Serge, Garmans.
Serge, Garmans.
Serge, Garmans.
Serge, Garmans.
Serge, Garmans.

Blue Cheviot, Garmans.
Blue Cheviot, Garmans.
Blue Cheviot, Garmans.
Blue Cheviot, Garmans.

Habit Cloth, Garmans.
Habit Cloth, Garmans.
Habit Cloth, Garmans.
Habit Cloth, Garmans.

Dress Trimmings, Garmans.
Dress Trimmings, Garmans.
Dress Trimmings, Garmans.
Dress Trimmings, Garmans.

Satines, Garmans.
Satines, Garmans.
Satines, Garmans.
Satines, Garmans.

School Supplies, Garmans.
School Supplies, Garmans.
School Supplies, Garmans.
School Supplies, Garmans.

Garmans.